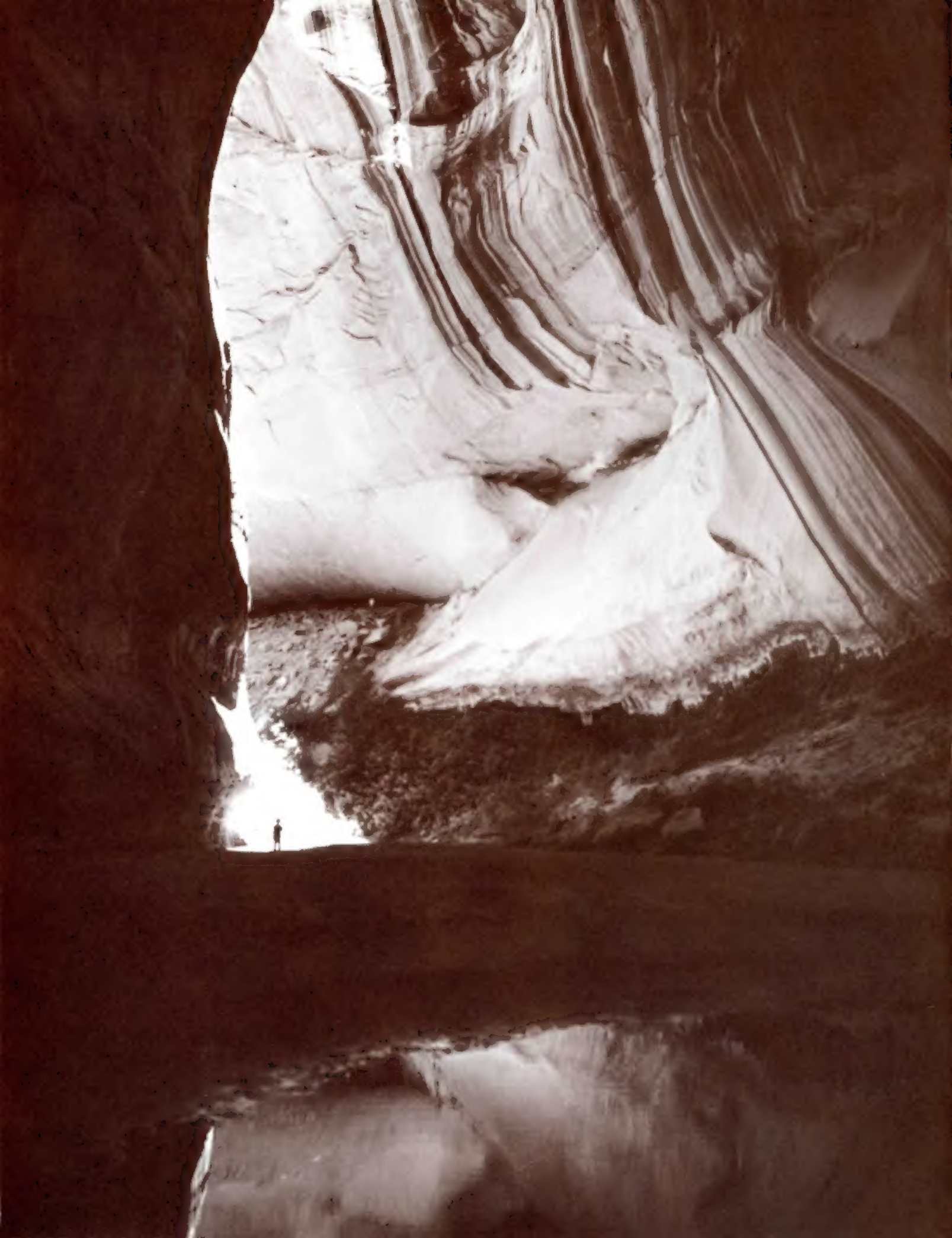
THE
AMERICAN WEST

COVER: *This dramatic photograph appears as though it had been taken from the surface of the Moon. Actually, it is CATHEDRAL VALLEY, from the camera of Joseph L. Dudziak.*

FROM THE BOOK, *Standing Up Country*, BY C. GREGORY CRAMPTON (ALFRED A. KNOPF AND UNIVERSITY OF UTAH PRESS WITH THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM, 1964)

THE

AMERICAN WEST



THE AMERICAN WEST

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CLEAR CREEK CANYON TRIBUTARY OF THE ESCALANTE RIVER. PHOTO BY W. L. RUSHO, BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

FRENCHMEN

ENGLISHMEN

and the Indian

There is a widely held concept of frontier realities which portrays the Frenchman as far superior to his English competitor in dealing with the Indians

BY LEWIS O. SAUM

. . . according to this portrayal, the Frenchman entered quickly into understanding with the native of the wilderness while the Englishman and the Indian went on sharing a mutual suspicion. Implicitly or explicitly, the argument is made that the product of British culture was too unbending; he maintained his aloofness to too great a degree and allowed patronization and condescension to manifest itself in his relations with the aborigines. While intolerance typified the English attitude toward the natives, French policy, at least occasionally, reflected an enlightened spirit, and individual French action displayed an easy acceptance of the red man.

Francis Parkman stated this disparity in outlook in the early chapters of the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*. The French, he noted, had a "plastic and pliant temper" which allowed them to humor, to cajole, and to understand the natives. "They met the savage half way . . . and showed an abundant readiness to mould their own features after his likeness." In contrast, a "thorny and impracticable barrier" divided the English from the Indians, and relations between them were marked by "scorn on the one side, and hatred on the other. . . ."

This concept of Indian-white relations has gone beyond the level of popular attitudes and even beyond that of historical writing. Interestingly enough, the noted authority, A. L. Kroeber, placed the imprimatur of anthropological scholarliness upon this view in a 1939 publication by noting that "the English attitude toward natives was . . . less tolerant than that of the French and Spaniards." In *Patterns of Culture* Ruth Benedict spoke simply of "traditional Anglo-Saxon intolerance."

But for all its general popularity, the accepted view of frontier relationships is not entirely satisfactory. A careful study of the literature of one frontier stage—the fur trade—reveals little evidence of the validity of such a generalization. The dichotomy of "tolerant" Frenchman and "bigoted" Anglo-Saxon—a contradistinction that

The Trapper's Bride BY ALFRED JACOB MILLER, JOSLYN ART MUSEUM

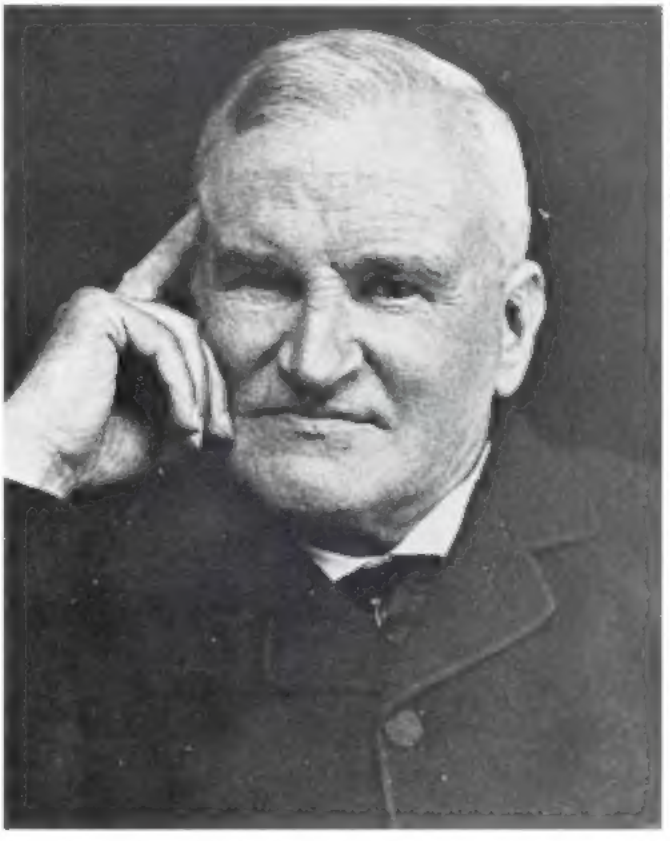
one might very well expect to loom large in the expressions of the fur-trade era—is simply not there. This is not to say that the opposite appears more nearly correct, that the English showed a finer humanity. It is only to say that as a body the first-hand accounts and recollections of the generally candid and unapologetic men of the fur trade do little or nothing to bear out this common conception.

Most studies on the fur trade have dealt with the economic and expansive aspects, while practically ignoring the tenuous subject of just how the trader conceived of his red customer. The latest major work, Paul C. Phillips' *The Fur Trade*, leaves a great deal to be desired in this regard. Happily, however, such books as Hiram Martin Chittenden's sixty-year-old classic, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*, and E. E. Rich's *The History of the Hudson's Bay Company* present fur-trade actions in such a way that attitudes can, to some degree, be inferred—even though little is said explicitly about how the trader viewed the Indian, and small indication is given that a man of one ethno-cultural background looked upon the natives much differently than did a man from another. Even Bernard DeVoto, who generally subscribed quite fully to Parkman's formula, felt called upon to temper somewhat the view of his nineteenth-century predecessor in the writing of epic, frontier history. After quoting Parkman to the effect that the English "scorned and neglected" the Indian while the French "embraced and cherished him," DeVoto added that "the generalization is something less than true."

Secondary sources on the fur trade do not provide the answer to the problem, however. The question at hand involves attitudes and, by and large, the above authors, DeVoto excepted, did not address themselves to the task of depicting such things. By their hesitancy in using the notion commonly relied upon, they give some inferential weight to the view that questions it. More substantial evidence must come from the sentiments expressed by the traders themselves.

Do the primary sources frequently or even occasionally state in a conscious and explicit fashion that the Frenchman enjoyed a greated success than the English with the natives? Did the English-speaking trader express anger, envy, or frustration over the fact that his Gallic competitor outshone him in dealing with the red men? Conversely, did the Frenchman at times indulge his self-satisfaction by pointing out the inadequacies of his opponent in this regard? And did men in the trade account for the success or failure of themselves or of their competitors by the comparative degree of tolerance and acceptance afforded their tawny customers?

In each case the answer is no. In one of the rare instances where a trader of French background argues that Indians liked and respected the French while distrusting the English, he made no effort to demonstrate



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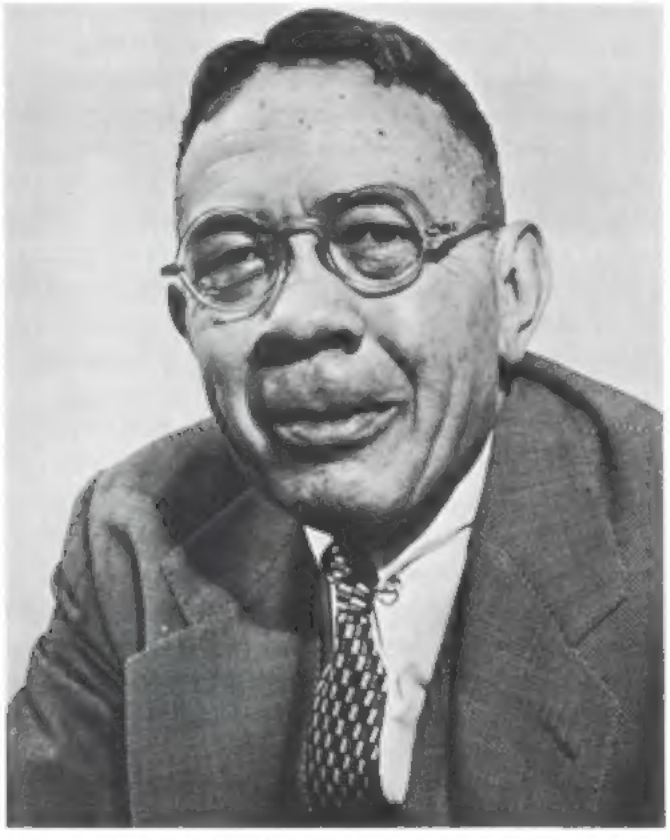
Francis Parkman believed that the Frenchman was superior to the Englishman in his dealings with the Indian.

that this attitude sprang from French tolerance or English bigotry. In the eyes of this man, a Monsieur Jérémie who was active on the western shores of Hudson's Bay around the turn of the eighteenth century, the Indians held the English in small regard because of their deceitfulness. According to Jérémie, Indians despised lying. But for men actually involved in wilderness pursuits, it must have been difficult to hold to hard and fast principles of the Indian concept concerning deceitfulness and

lying. Only a few pages after giving qualified evidence supporting the Indians' contempt for the English, Jérémie admitted that, in spite of their friendliness for the French, the Indians near Bourbon had treacherously slain a French hunting party of eight men.

Writing in the mid-eighteenth century, Joseph Robson, a former Hudson's Bay Company employee, stated that the French received better treatment from the natives because "the French have taken more pains to civilize their manners, and engage their esteem." Robson's testimony in *An Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson's-Bay*, for all the familiarity of its ring, is almost singular, and it is open to very real doubts. He wrote expressly as a critic of his former employer with the intent of destroying its dominance in British America, and even called the natives a "white people." Forty years later Edward Umfreville, like Robson a disgruntled ex-employee of the British firm, engaged in similar polemics in *The Present State of Hudson's Bay;* but he came to strikingly different conclusions about French as opposed to English relations with the Indians. For all the shortcomings of the firm he attacked, he went on to say: "It however must be owned, that the Hudson's Bay traders have ingratiated themselves more into the esteem and confidence of the natives" than did their French rivals from lower Canada. According to Umfreville, the men of the British company conducted themselves so prudently that the red men respected them and had not killed one of their number for fifteen years past. Conversely, the French traders evoked "detestation and contempt" due to unseemly familiarity, deception, drunkenness and "commerce with Indian women." In closing his discussion of the subject, Umfreville pointed out that he had digressed because of the "frequent encomiums" passed on the Gallic traders. Though his own efforts were consciously directed at destroying the Hudson's Bay Company, he wished to set the record straight "in regard to these *Messieurs Voyageurs*."



Bernard DeVoto subscribed to, but somewhat modified, Parkman's widely accepted view of Indian-white relations.

Certainly, the trader of Anglo-Saxon origins often indulged his dislike for Latin or Gallic cultures. When Philip Turnor, a geographer-trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, described a Chippewyan near Great Slave Lake as being "quite a Frenchefied fellow," there can be little doubt that he was expressing disparagement quite as much for things French as for this particular Indian. It is not evident, however, that such disregard stemmed from French toleration for the red man or from greater acumen in dealing with him. After all, the sweep of historical events had provided ample reason for products of these two cultures to eye each other with hostility. Among the American fur traders of the Far West the Spaniard reaped the same contumely that fell the lot of the Frenchman elsewhere. Here too, however, the hatreds seem more a product of American westward expansion and Spanish efforts to halt it than a product of differing approaches to relations with the natives. When Stanley Vestal had Kit Carson say, "If Spaniards warn't made for shootin', what are rifles for?" it appears probable that the animosities of the Texas Revolution and the Mexican War took precedence over diverse attitudes toward the Indian.

If white men of differing backgrounds held each other in contempt for their comparative acceptance of, and success with, the Indians, they chose a peculiar means of

expressing it. Time and again in their writings traders of whatever origin called upon the Indian as an obliging witness to the perfidy and dastardliness of those who were outsiders—nationally, religiously, or commercially. Fur-trade literature abounds in instances where the simple red man acts as a dispassionate and judicious accuser or as an active confounder of, say, the Frenchman, the priest, or the opposition trader. This essentially primitivistic usage appears most frequently in those questionably reliable narrative recollections of American mountain men; but sources of unimpeachable authenticity also contain abundant examples. In the instance cited earlier where Monsieur Jérémie argued, in essence, that Englishmen practiced deceit, he was not stating his opinion alone. He relied upon what amounted to a higher tribunal. According to his telling, the inhabitants of the wilderness recognized the false nature of his opponents as well as did he. Englishmen and Frenchmen alike laid claim to the testimony of the Indian in heaping derision upon their adversaries, and if the English felt handicapped by their own intolerance or aloofness, or by the absence of the same in Frenchmen, they were careful not to commit it to writing.

The popular conception stated at the outset connects tolerance with effectiveness in practical Indian relations. The Frenchman, supposedly, enjoyed greater success, and by this logic his success came at least partly from the mutual acceptance between himself and the natives. These are happy assumptions, but almost universally traders subscribed to a view of Indian nature and counseled methods of dealing with the natives that have a far different ring. Scarcely any comment about the red men appears more frequently in fur-trade writings than that they were motivated almost solely by self-interest in their dealing with others. Samuel de Champlain, for example, expressed the typical outlook when he made a mockery of Indian generosity by noting simply, "they give nothing for nothing." After haranguing some Indians on the virtues and grandeur of the French empire, La Vérendrye put the material stamp of validity upon his remarks by arranging a feast of fish and corn and concluded with stark realism that "without the pot one has no good friends."

According to the trader, the key to Indian actions lay in catering to his self-interest, and the way to maintain friendly and profitable relations with him lay in keeping him at a distance. Dr. John McLoughlin, who directed the Hudson's Bay Company affairs on the Pacific slope, relied directly upon the old saw, "familiarity begets contempt," and throughout the fur-trade domain men reiterated the essence, if not the precise words, of Aesop's maxim. According to Pierre-Antoine Tabeau of the Upper Missouri trade, newly contacted tribes were always easiest to deal with because they stood in awe of the whites. Unfortunately, he noted, "a little familiarity destroys this illusion." Tabeau went on to schematize Indian-white relations in terms of three stages: "the age of gold, that of the first meeting; the age of iron, that of the beginning of their insight; and that of brass, when a very long intercourse has mitigated their ferocity a little and our trade has become indispensable to them."

Given these assumptions about the Indian, one is hard-pressed to see how a trader could ascribe his own success or that of his opponents to benevolence or tolerance. In 1795 Jean-Baptiste Trudeau (or Truteau), an impoverished schoolmaster turned trader, bemoaned the fact that the French and Spanish traders of the Missouri had little success and noted that if the English controlled the river the trade would be a going concern. From the above one must infer either that French traders, such as himself, were no more tolerant than their opposite numbers in the Hudson's Bay or North West companies, or that tolerance counted for little.

Going beyond the assumptions upon which trade relations were based and looking at the conscious appraisals of native life made by traders, one is struck first of all by their degree of interest in the Indian. While active in the trade, success in business as well as curiosity necessitated a close observation. And in narratives and memoirs of life in the wilderness, ex-traders rarely failed to include a generous amount of commentary on the aborigines. After examining the fur-trade literature, one can hardly help understanding, if not entirely sympathizing with, the somewhat petulant complaint of Peter Skene Ogden, a Hudson's Bay Company man, who later in life wrote a book entitled *Traits of American Indian Life & Character*. At the outset of this work he took a gratuitous slap at "those who travel in pursuit of amusement or science" and who then presume to inform the world of the true nature of the red man. These "drawing-room authors," Ogden argued, should, before evaluating the Indian, repeat the experiences and gain the insights of "men like us who only encounter these hardships for vile lucre."

Moreover, this curiosity about the Indian was no more typical of French than of non-French traders. In *The Course of Empire* Bernard DeVoto commented upon Henry Kelsey's pioneering trek in the years around 1690 from Hudson's Bay to what is now the prairie provinces, arguing the uniqueness in attitude of this youthful fur-trade explorer. According to DeVoto, Kelsey's fellows in the "caste-bound, quintessentially British Company" must have looked much askance at his unseemly interest in the savages. Indeed, his desire to travel inland among them may very well have brought his sanity under question. It is the contention here that this interpretation of attitudes has been far more often reiterated than demonstrated.

First of all, probably no fur-trade commentators excelled such men as James Adair, David Thompson, Edwin Denig, Samuel Hearne, James Isham, or Alexander Ross in terms of simple volume allotted to discussion of the natives. If cultural background served as a determinant of how thoroughly traders discussed Indian life, it evidently did not act as the traditionally accepted interpretation would lead one to believe. A good illustration appears in a trio of narratives centering upon the establishment of Astoria. One finds that the work of Gabriel Franchère, a product of French culture, has even less to say about the Indians than do those of his contemporaries, the Irishman, Ross Cox, and the Scotchman, Alexander Ross.

From another angle, it becomes apparent that the excoriations of the red man which spice the literature of the trade were no less characteristic of the Frenchman's writings than of the writings of others. Traders of all backgrounds used the pen to indulge their occasional animosities towards Indians—individually, tribally, or universally. Hardly anyone went beyond the blanket condemnation of the Upper Missouri tribes pronounced by Tabeau, a French Canadian, when he wrote:

> If the Ricara, if the Sioux is the man of nature so much praised by poets, every poetic license has been taken in painting him; for their pictures make a beautiful contrast to that which I have before me. All that one can say is that, if these barbarians leave no doubt that they are human, intelligent beings, it is because they have the form, the face, and the faculty of speech of human beings. Stupid, superstitious, gluttonous, lewd, vindictive, patient by principle, fierce of temper, cowardly with men of like strength, fearless in assassinations, ungrateful, traitorous, barbarous, cruel, lying, thievish, etc. I add the "and so forth" in fear that these epithets do not wholly comprise their vices and that I may be free to add to them.

The journal of François-Victor Malhiot, a North West Company trader in the Great Lakes region, reveals a similar antipathy. In one entry, Malhiot negated an earlier admission that there was such a thing as a good Indian by remarking: "In general, if I were able to put all of them in a bag and know that Lucifer wanted them, I would give all of them to him for a penny!" These, of course, represent isolated examples indicating no more than that the Frenchman was quite as capable as anyone else of venting his spleen against the natives.

Annie Heloise Abel, the editor of Tabeau's writings, considered him "race conscious to a degree not usual in a Frenchman." This, it seems to me, misses the point. Given the proper circumstances, the Frenchman was no less likely to work himself into a colossal dudgeon against the Indians than was anyone else. Tabeau underwent a prodigious amount of abuse at the hands of the Upper Missouri natives, and he availed himself of the only recourse—damning his tormentors by the written word. Malhiot, operating in the hideousness and depravity of the late Great Lakes trade, registered an outlook quite in accord with conditions around him—"*Quelle vie!!! 'Pauvre Malhiot!*'" he sighed at one juncture. In a moment of sober second thought, while confiding in his superiors in the company, Malhiot recognized his seeming misanthropy and seemed to apologize for it. "You may say," he noted, "that it is the effect of my hatred and bad humor." But Malhiot denied this obvious charge and called upon the Almighty to preserve him "from wishing ill to anyone on earth. . . ." He had, he could have added, simply revealed the human tendency to lose generosity under trying circumstances.

On the other hand, traders of Anglo-Saxon background showed quite as much readiness to heap undue praise upon the American natives as did their French counterparts. But because of a solid awareness of frontier realities, men of the trade infrequently invoked the heady doctrine of noble savagery. The portayals of the Indians made at such moments differ markedly from those made by the same men in other contexts, but this attitude stems from the fact that, from the fur-trade perspective, the red man had to be dressed up a good deal before he could be used to reproach white culture.

Most fur-trade descriptions of Indian life stemmed

from honest curiosity and sought to enlighten the reader rather than to serve as disputatious tours de force. In their sober and unimpassioned accounts, traders evidenced a good deal of sympathetic understanding and, quite often, a willingness to judge the natives by standards other than their own. Cultural relativism, of course, has a fairly recent origin. Still, one could reasonably expect to find something akin to it in the writings of tolerant men of a century or two past. This tolerant perspective does indeed appear in the literature of the fur trade. Regardless of national derivation, fur traders made at least occasional efforts to explain and to justify ways of doing things that violated the precepts of their own culture.

Probably no aspect of Indian existence made greater demands upon the understanding of white men among them than their codes of sexual morality. Pierre-Esprit Radisson exhibited an expected amount of moral censure when he praised a monogamous group of natives for not being "great whoremasters" as, by implication, their polygamous brethren were. Among those who sought to explain rather than condemn, the French seem no more abundant than others. In his *Journal of Voyages and Travels* Daniel Harmon viewed with apparent sadness the loose marital connections of some tribes but quickly added that it made for an advantage often lacking in the civilized system. While persons lived together, he noted, they at least did so in harmony. Going beyond this mild vindication, the Englishman Samuel Hearne made the argument that what was best for one culture was not necessarily best for another. In his *Journey From Prince of Wales's Fort* he saw it as only natural, for example, that people of the Far North should have a system of plural marriage. Among folk continually on the move the husband and provider simply required more than one helpmate. Hearne went further by excusing what would seem to be a usage more outrageous. He remarked that no stigma attached to the Chippewyan practice of exchanging wives for a night. It stemmed from respect and friendship among the men, he argued, and served a useful purpose in making one husband responsible for the family of the other in case one should be killed. The fact that Hearne looked upon most Indian women as being dissolute would seem to enforce rather than negate his tolerance. He removed much of the sting from his charge of profligacy anyway by admitting candidly that a matter of perspective was involved. "Indeed it is but reasonable to think," he wrote, "that travellers and interlopers will be always served with the worst commodities, though perhaps they pay the best price for what they have."

To move from attitude to action, one finds little evidence that the supposed intolerance of the products of Anglo-Saxon culture prevented them from entering unions with Indian women or prevented them from doing so except with a complete and biologically oriented cynicism. In *Race: Science and Politics* Ruth Benedict detected a "horror of miscegenation" in English frontiersmen, though not in others. The fur trade does not bear this out. George Simpson, often considered a prototype of the Hudson's Bay Company mentality, did not take an Indian wife, but this was probably due to his exalted position, his almost continual movement while in the wilderness, and his frequent stays in civilization. Men who spent their time in Indian country found consorts there. In regard to this phenomenon Bernard DeVoto held that English-speaking traders viewed such spouses as little more than "foul animals." However, his use of Daniel Harmon's soul-searching when pondering the advisability of taking a native mate fails to convince. When Harmon eventually returned to his native New England, his tawny spouse and half-breed children went with him. Regardless of the haphazard nature of many trader-Indian unions, others were marked by elements of constancy and concern. The fact of the matter seems to be that a good many traders of whatever origin looked upon their Indian spouses much as did Charles Ross of the Hudson's Bay Company. When he belatedly informed his sister of his large wilderness family, he noted of the mother of his brood that "she is not, indeed exactly fitted to shine at the head of a nobleman's table, but she suits the sphere [in which] she has to move much better than any such toy. . . she is a native of the country, and as to beauty quite as comely as her husband!"

None of this is meant to deny that cynicism—stemming from commercial as well as biological considerations—colored many of these relationships; it is meant only to question the belief that English-speaking traders were less capable than their French counterparts of sincere regard for women of the wilderness. When men of responsible character took mates under these circumstances, they seem to have acted with an approximation of the decorum that would have attended their actions in civilization. The careers of such men as Peter Skene Ogden, Edwin Denig, John Work, David Thompson, William Bent, John McLoughlin, Archibald MacDonald, and John Owen would seem to bear this out. Owen, for example, had never bothered to solemnize his union with "Nancy," his Indian wife. However, in 1858 with an epidemic threatening his Rocky Mountain establishment, he saw fit to get things in order. "I have been living pleasantly With My old Wife Since the fall of 49," he wrote, "and in case of accident I should feel Much hurt if I had not properly provided for her according to law."

If the difference in attitude between Englishman and Frenchman has indeed been overstated, how might the misconception be reasonably explained? First of all the logic of the frontier advance sheds some light on the subject. As the anthropologist Clark Wissler suggested in *The Indians of the United States*, those who entered a wilderness area first—whether they were French or English—benefited by assuming the easy guise of red man's ally in turning back the inroads of latecomers. Through some of the most engrossing episodes in American development, the French enjoyed a preferential status stemming from prior arrival. The French moved into the virgin forests more readily than did their English counterparts to the south because a richer potential of furs lay beckoning before them, and more importantly because the Great Lakes waterway provided ready access to mid-continent areas. It is often assumed that the French frequently defeated their rivals in the race into the interior because they more easily captured the esteem of the natives. Quite possibly, they captured the esteem of the natives because, at critical junctures, they won the race into the interior.

In terms of historiography one needs to recognize the influence of certain major works on frontier history. The widely read books of Francis Parkman and much later Bernard DeVoto must have done much to propagate this view. Another quite different work that requires mention in this context is Frederick Merk's *Fur Trade and*

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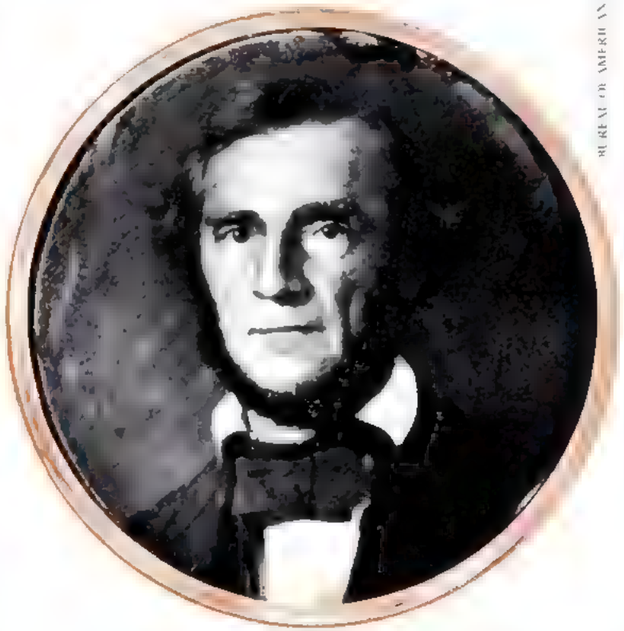
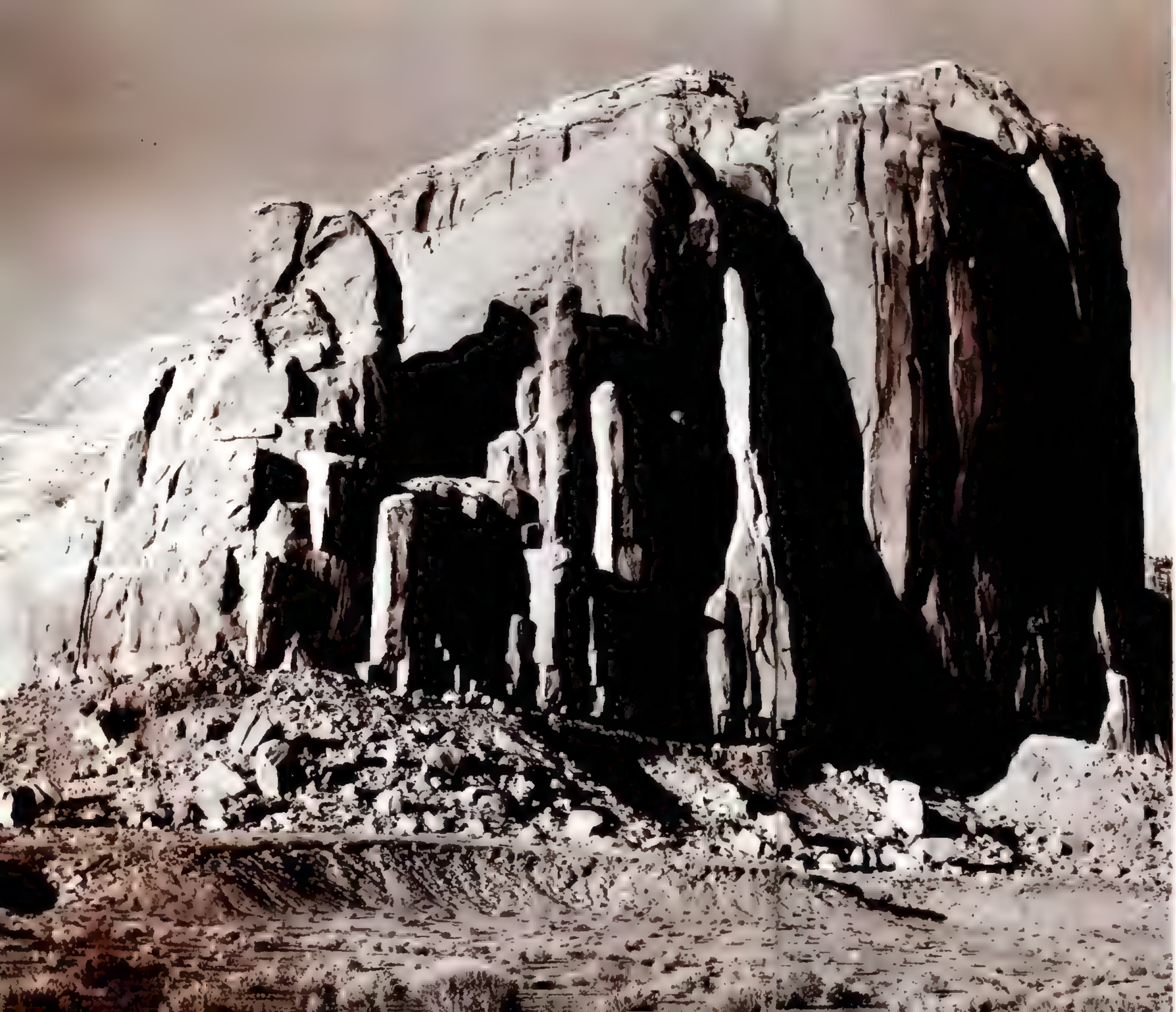


Locket photos of Edwin Denig, fur trader and student of the Upper Missouri Indian tribes, and his Assiniboine wife.



P W TOMPKINS CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Stalking the Country

The Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona

Stretching away from the Book Cliffs in Utah south two hundred miles to White Mesa in the Navajo country in Arizona, and from Bryce Canyon National Park east nearly two hundred miles to where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado meet, lies one of the beautiful parts of the earth. Sandstone country—plateaus, mesas, buttes, and canyons sculptured by the Colorado River and its tributaries—it is a masterpiece of erosion. Men have seen the beauty of this land; it is ringed round with national parks and monuments. They have described the parts and segments in superlatives, but few men have seen the country as a whole.

No popular image exists of the canyon country of Utah and Arizona. One reason is that no history of the entire

by C. Gregory Crampton

region has ever been written. It has always been the segmented view. There were local studies aplenty but no general story. Yet the history was as dramatically rich as the landscape, and it was given a unity by the river and its canyons. *Standing Up Country* is a biography of a region whose recorded history, dating from 1776, is as old as the United States.

Look at the names on the map to find an index to history. A hundred and more Indian names fit the landscape perfectly and remind us of the first inhabitants who were there long before 1776: Wahweap, Skutumpah, and Ticaboo; Hoskininni, Nasja and Kaibito. Spain left us the Colorado, the San Juan, and San Buenaventura. Powell's men liked colorful names—Music Temple, Waterpocket Fold, and Dirty Devil—especially when they named the long lines of cliffs Orange, Pink, White, and Vermilion.

The Mormons named their distinctive villages after men: Cannonville, Adairville, and Hanksville; but they also placed Bluff, Elephant, and Monticello. Mining camps in Glen Canyon and in the Henry and Abajo mountains were Grubstake Bar, Good Hope, Narrow Gauge Flat, Eagle City, and Gold Queen Gulch.

Vivid memories of the roaring West are recalled in Slickhorn Gulch, Last Chance Canyon, Gunsight Pass, Six Shooter Peaks, and Whiskey Flat. The outlaws left Robber's Roost and Horsethief Spring. "Hell" and the "Devil" pop up frequently, but in contrast we also find Salvation Knoll, Moroni Slopes, Moab, Canaan, and Cathedral Valley.

In a barren landscape where eroded and fantastic rock formations are so commonly visible, the American imagination dreamed up Comb Ridge, Bagpipe Butte, Goblin Valley, Mexican Hat, Jessie's Twist, and Mollie's Nipple.

These names and many more like them envelope the canyon lands in a bright tapestry of many strands, rich in human values. Only local history, only local color, some would say. But look again; who are the weavers of the piece?

It was begun in 1776 by Spanish explorers, friars of the Franciscan Order who first traversed much of the Colorado Plateau and the eastern edge of the Great Basin. Though often lost (this they said was God's punishment for their sins), it was they who discovered the canyon country. Francisco Atanasio Domínguez and Francisco Vélez de Escalante found their way through the canyons, left a string of saints' names behind them, and reported their adventures to the bishop of Durango, the viceroy of New Spain, and the king of Spain. Those who followed, the Mexicans driving horses from California to Santa Fe, and the slavers from New Mexico buying Indians, left few records, nor did the beaver hunters from Taos and Santa Fe and St. Louis.

The canyon country drew its share of the distinguished officers of the Corps of Topographical Engineers of the United States Army, men who before the Civil War mapped and scientifically explored the entire West. Frémont and Gunnison looked for railroad routes; later Macomb and Newberry mapped the area as one result of the "war" between the United States and the Mormons in 1857. No matter that these engineers left a conspicuous white space —marked "unexplored scientifically"— on the map of southeastern Utah. After the war John Wesley Powell and his brilliant assistants—Dutton, Gilbert, and Holmes—filled in most of the blank before he went to Washington to build a distinguished career in government science.

The Mormons and the Navajos were the first permanent settlers. In the 1870's and 1880's the Mormons came to expand the kingdom of God; they planted villages on the limited farming land and ranged cattle in the canyon wilderness. Reaching the country north of the San Juan River in 1880, they found cattlemen from eastern points running Texas longhorns on the ranges. Meanwhile the Navajos, who escaped capture by Carson and enforced captivity at Bosque Redondo, had moved into the rough and intricate canyon country south of the San Juan and east of the Colorado, an area that was granted to them through an extension of their reservation. A pastoral folk, they searched for patches of grass to graze their sheep while they kept an eye on white prospectors who thought their reservation held a lost silver mine.

A gold rush to Glen Canyon began when Cass Hite discovered placer deposits along the Colorado in 1883. Several hundred men arrived to prospect in what was quite likely the most difficult mining region any of them had ever encountered. The greater part of the mining region was enclosed by high cliffs; and the gold itself, found largely in gravel terraces along the river, was extremely fine and difficult to recover. By scrambling about over cliffs and riding the river in rickety boats, the prospectors found gold all the way from the Dirty Devil to Lee's Ferry, and along the San Juan River. The excitement lasted on to the beginning of the twentieth century after which there were booms in copper, oil, and uranium.

The canyon country was big enough for the dreamers after empire in the Gilded Age. The Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad in 1883 bridged the Green River where trading caravans during the Mexican epoch had crossed. Subsequently, Robert Brewster Stanton personally surveyed and demonstrated the feasibility of building another railroad from Colorado to California down through the canyons of the Colorado River. However, no capital could be found to risk the venture. Not discouraged, Stanton came back at the end of the century, staked out all of Glen Canyon, and installed a mammoth floating dredge to mine the elusive placer gold from its sands. Later, another canyon country entrepreneur, Charles Spencer, tried to extract gold from the sandstone itself.

The West, the arid West of open spaces, fills with people, and people need water and power. Seven states in 1922 divide the Colorado at Lee's Ferry and federal reclamation is under way. With Hoover, the first dam up, the reclamationists boast that the Colorado, often a menace, is now becoming a natural resource. As for being a resource, it has been that ever since prehistoric man roamed the canyons, building his houses against the cliffs and growing a few ears of corn in the wet bed of a wash. Now with Glen Canyon Dam, the dam builders have made the first really radical changes in the appearance of the canyon country of southeastern Utah and northeastern Arizona since prehistoric times. The dam, the reservoir, the towns, the highways, and the power lines have brought civilization to the wilderness in a hurry.

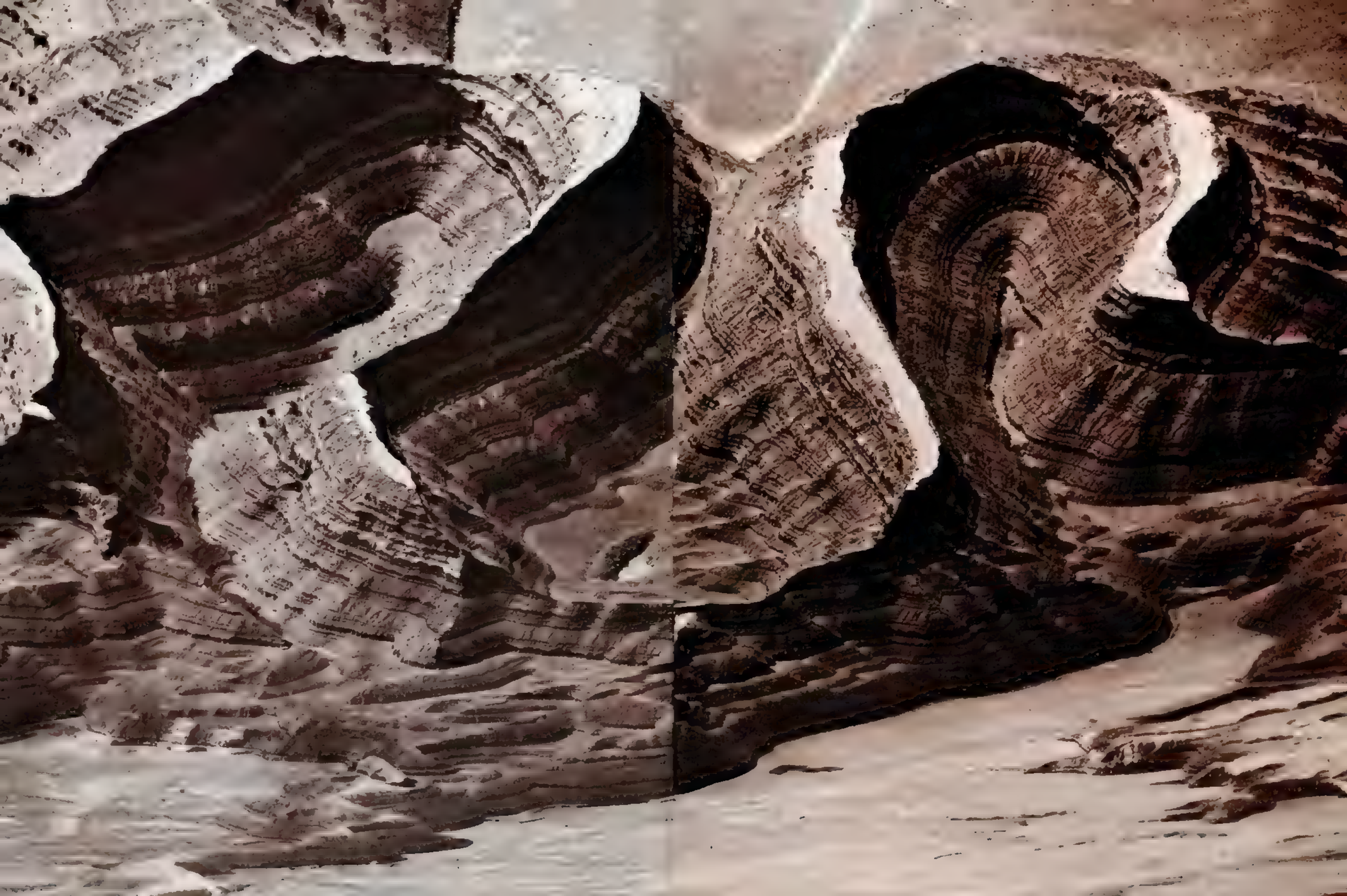
The guide lines for man's conquest of the canyon lands were set in 1922. By then also he was beginning to see something of their scenic worth. A number of national monuments had been formed—Natural Bridge, Rainbow, Navajo, and Mesa Verde—and articulate visitors like Theodore Roosevelt, Zane Grey, and Charles L. Bernheimer were popularizing them. It has taken longer for men to realize that the entire land is one of matchless beauty and fully as rich in historical values.

The text and captions are adopted from the book *Standing Up Country: The Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona*, published this month by Alfred A. Knopf and the University of Utah Press in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art. The photographs, including the cover on this issue of the magazine, are from the book.

WILLIAM MILLER PANAMINA

A monolith on White Mesa in Arizona towers toward the sky

like a huge piece of modern sculpture



Soda Cabin at the base of Kaiparowits Plateau
in sight of the life-giving highlands
but also on the edge of slick-rock wilderness

(previous spread)

The "goosenecks
of the San Juan River
writhe snak
across the landscape.

At the bottom of a great sandston
the human form is dwarfed by
sides of GUNSIGHT PASS (below) and
MULEY TWIST CANYON (below right)

EDWARDS ELIAS

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CHAMPION

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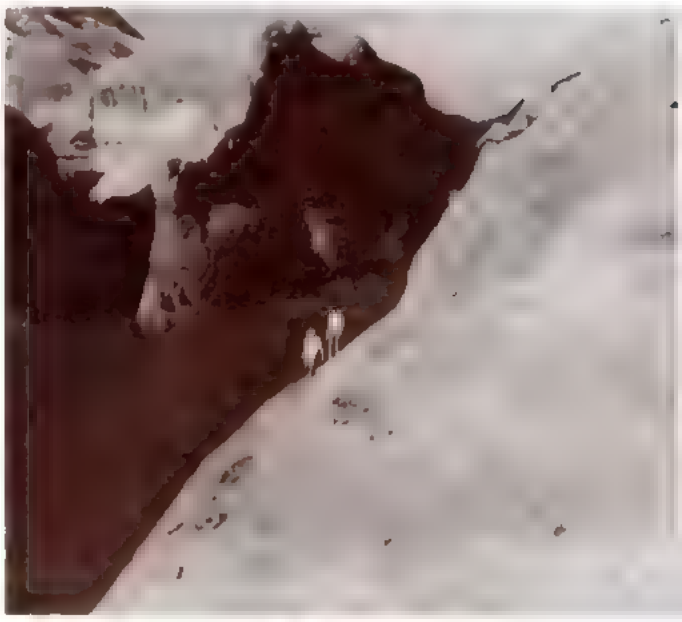

From KLONDIKE BAR, *Glen Canyon*
Scrambling from cave to cave and riding the mule
to Nokai to hear stories of prospectors who found gold
and Navajos who came only here to trade or barter

Next Spread

THE NEEDLES COUNTRY
A Scrap running cattle
through the Needles,
of the Wonderstone and
through the Clay Hills.
Sand has taken
cast like a rich tapestry

© WOODRUFF D. WILLIAMS
NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE

The first settlers occupied lands along streams fed by melting snow such as this view of the Fremont River near Hanksville, Utah

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WILLIAM MEGER PASADENA

WILLIAM MEGER PASADENA

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Negro Cowboys

FROM NAT LOVE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY PRIVATELY PRINTED IN 1907

Among the cowboys who went up the trails from Texas during the years following the Civil War, more than five thousand Negroes played a part and did a job—doing no more and no less than cowboys of other races and nationalities. They crossed the Red River and the Cimarron, the Pecos and the Platte, and they rode the streets of all the early cowtowns. They fought Indians and other cowboys, and some of them were buried on Boot Hill or in unmarked graves along the trail.

While the trail drives lasted, Negroes had a conspicuous place in the life of the cattleman's West. They fought with guns and bullwhips on the streets of Dodge City, and they roamed the streets of Cheyenne. They carried gold through outlaw country, and they took part in bloody range wars. If one got drunk, he could crash through a plate-glass window, shoot up a saloon, or land in jail. If he turned outlaw, he usually died young.

Negro cowboys hunched in their saddles during blizzards and thunderstorms, fought grass fires and turned stampedes, hunted wild mustangs and rode wild horses. Wolves threatened their cattle, and rattlesnakes crawled into their blankets. Like all other cowboys, they led hard and dangerous lives.

Typical of the accounts of Negro cowboys is the story told to J. Frank Dobie by an old Texas trail driver who described a death in the Panhandle:

> We had a negro cowboy named George who was not very well clad because he liked to pike at monte too well to buy clothes. We all had colds and coughs till it was like a bunch of Texas pot hounds baying a 'possum when we tried to sleep. One bitter night I was near George on herd and tried to get him to go to the chuck wagon and turn his horse loose, but he was too game for that. His teeth were chattering as he said to me, "I can stand it if the rest of you all can." Presently I saw him lean over his saddle horn, coughing, and he looked like he was losing his breath. By the time I got to him he was off his horse, as dead as a mackerel and stiff as a poker. He had simply frozen to death sitting on that horse.

It may be doubted that a modern post-mortem would have shown death by freezing, but certainly many cowboys died of exposure, drowning, or Indian arrows. Hundreds more narrowly escaped death.

For instance, on long trail drives every river was a potential killer when it was in flood. Cowboys, if they could swim at all, were rarely strong swimmers; and the treacherous currents of high, muddy rivers were made even more dangerous by struggling cattle and horses, floating branches and debris, and hidden rocks and snags. Not everyone was so lucky as the Negro cowboy who had a narrow escape in a crossing of the flooding Canadian River. Near the middle his horse sank under him, leaving him near drowning. But another cowboy saw the danger, swam his horse to the rescue, and told the Negro to grab the horse's tail. Once ashore, the rescued man thanked his benefactor and vowed that the horse's tail had been just like "the hand of Providence."

Such were the routine adventures of the trails when thousands of cowboys and millions of cattle drove north after the end of the Civil War. Two great markets lay to the northwest and northeast. Northwest were hungry miners, soldiers, and reservation Indians, as well as northern range ranchers eager to buy breeding and feeder stock. Northeast were railheads opening to a beef-hungry East and Midwest. Neither market was easy to reach, but Texas cattlemen tried for both.

To reach these markets they pioneered dozens of main trails and hundreds of feeder trails, but the great movement of cattle is most easily followed if one looks at the three principal routes they developed: the Chisholm Trail, the Goodnight-Loving Trail, and the Western Trail.

The Chisholm Trail, first opened in 1867, passed Fort Worth and headed north, crossed the Red River, moved through sparsely settled areas of the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and entered mid-Kansas south of the new shipping point of Abilene. The Goodnight-Loving Trail, pioneered at about the same time, started west from Tom Greene County in Texas, followed the route of the old Butterfield Overland Mail to the Pecos River, and then turned north to New Mexico and Colorado. The Western Trail, opened a few years later, ran north through the edge of the IndianTerritory to western Kansas and Dodge City.

As they established these trails, the Texas cattlemen perfected the organization of their drives. They early

Nat Love claimed to have won the title of "Deadwood Dick" in a roping contest.

agreed that the ideal number of cattle for a single drive was about twenty-five hundred. With a herd that size, an average crew operated with about eleven men: the trail boss, a wrangler, a cook, and eight cowboys. The boss pointed the way and ran the whole operation. The wrangler took charge of all the crew's horses, while the cook handled the chuck wagon and fed the men. Working as a team, the cowboys drove the cattle—two riding point near the lead steers, four riding swing along the sides, and two riding drag behind the stragglers. At night the cowboys took turns keeping watch over the resting herd.

The trail boss was usually a white man, although on occasion he might be the Negro boss of an all-Negro crew. The wrangler was either white Texan, Negro, or Mexican. The cook was often a Negro, normally one who had become too old or too heavy for constant riding. Among the eight cowboys, two or three were usually Negroes.

A few simple listings from the records and memoirs of old Texas trail drivers illustrate the composition of typical crews:

C. W. Ackerman rode up the trail with seven white men and one Negro; R. F. Galbreath rode with four white men and three Negroes; G. W. Mills trailed with six white cowboys, two Negro cowboys, and a Negro cook—none over twenty-three; William G. Butler drove to Abilene with two Negroes, Levi and William Perryman; Charlie Siringo rode point with "Negro Gabe"; and Jim Ellison went up the trail with all Negro hands.

Whenever cowboys on a drive were identified (usually they were not named or described unless they were spectacularly good or bad), two or three Negroes were likely to be among them.

A Negro cowboy, George Glenn, is the only man remembered from the crew that R. B. Johnson took from Colorado County, Texas, to Abilene in 1870. Shortly after reaching Abilene, Johnson died, his body was embalmed, and he was buried in Kansas. The following September the body was disinterred, and George Glenn took his old boss home. Because there were no railroads leading from Kansas to Texas, Glenn loaded the body in a Studebaker wagon and drove it back, making a trip that took forty-two days, sleeping every night in the wagon by the coffin.

Another Negro cowboy named Dick was described in an old cowhand's memoirs only because Dick was treated

BY PHILIP DURHAM AND EVERETT L. JONES

in crude frontier fashion for a rattlesnake bite. He rode into the chuck wagon sucking his thumb, his hand and arm badly swollen. One of the other cowboys immediately drew a knife and gashed—"almost hashed"—the thumb around the fang marks. He then opened a pistol cartridge, poured powder over the wound, and lighted it with a match. Dick appears to have survived both the bite and the treatment.

Almost all of the best-known pioneer cattlemen employed some Negroes. The nearly legendary Shanghai Pierce, for instance, always went on cattle-buying expeditions accompanied by a Negro cowboy who carried his gold. Ab Blocker, one of the most active of the early trail drivers, employed large numbers of Negro hands; and one of them became famous as a roper of fabulous skill. Colonel Goodnight and Oliver Loving pioneered their trail from Texas to Colorado with the help of many Negro cowboys. Of one of these, Bose Ikard, the colonel said, "His behavior was very good in a fight, and he was probably the most devoted man to me that I ever had. I have trusted him further than any living man. He was my detective, banker, and everything else in Colorado, New Mexico, and the other wild country I was in." When Bose Ikard died in 1929, the colonel erected a marker with the following inscription: "Bose Ikard: Served with me four years on the Goodnight-Loving Trail, never shirked a duty or disobeyed an order, rode with me in many stampedes, participated in three engagements with Comanches, splendid behavior." Other Negro cowboys worked with almost all the outfits that employed Charlie Siringo, an early cowboy writer, who wrote that Negroes saved his life on several occasions.

While many Negroes herded cattle, others drove chuck wagons and cooked for the trail crews. The cook was an important man, essential to the well-being of the outfit and the success of the drive. He was usually respected in that although he might be called "the old woman," he might also have several notches on his gun. He frequently carried the only banjo or fiddle that re-

lieved the monotony of quiet nights on the plains. Thus one old-timer and western historian reported that he always had a special interest in trail cooks after the day he watched Gordon Davis, Ab Blocker's Negro cook, ride into Dodge City mounted on his left wheel ox, fiddle in hand, playing "Buffalo Girls Can't You Come Out Tonight?"

While reminiscing with J. Frank Dobie, John Young remembered a cook who was a treasure:

> The one man in our outfit that I recall most often and most vividly was Sam, the negro cook. He always had a cheerful word or a cheerful song, and he seemed to have an affection for every one of us. When we camped in the vicinity of brush, every cowboy before coming in would rope a chunk of wood and snake it up to the chuck wagon. That wood always made Sam grinning happy whether he needed it or not.

Carrying 225 pounds at thirty-five years of age, Sam was too heavy and too old for the active life of a cowboy, but he was still a good rider; frequently one of the crew got him to ride and gentle an unruly horse. He was also part of the general hell-raising of a happy camp. One day, for instance, a cowboy looked at Sam's great bulk and joked that Sam was too big for a man but too small for a horse. Sam answered that "*he was a horse* and that he would give a dollar to any man in the outfit who could ride him without spurs." That night the crew camped in a sandy place, and the game began. Sam stripped, wearing only a bandanna around his neck for his riders to hold onto. One after another the cowboys took off their boots and mounted his back. One after another they were thrown into the soft sand by the human "horse" who could anticipate and bewilder the reactions of his riders. No one earned a dollar that night.

A good trail cook was so important to the success of a drive that the cowboys protected him on most occasions. One such Negro cook came up the trail with a Texas outfit to Abilene in 1870. In that year the city began building a stone jail, but before the construction went very far, cowboys had pulled down its walls. After that the town trustees hired a strong guard, and under its protection workmen completed the structure.

The Texas outfit camped on Mud Creek, and the cook rode into town to drown with heavy draughts of Abilene whiskey his memories of smoking fires and hungry cowboys. After he got drunk, he began shooting up the town—not doing much damage, but making a lot of noise. The town marshal came running, and as one story has it, "managed by some unaccountable good luck" to arrest the cook and throw him into jail. There the cook stayed until his hungry trail crew learned where he was, upon which they mounted, rode into town, drove the marshal into hiding, shot the lock off the jail door, and freed the cook. Then "they galloped past the office of Theodore Henry, chairman of the town trustees, and shot it full of holes." Finally, having rescued one of their own men and expressed their contempt for the town's government, they rode back to camp. Thus a Negro posted two records: He was the first man thrown into the new jail and the first man to break out.

Besides working as cooks and wranglers, Negroes also worked as ranchers and horsebreakers throughout the old West. Accounts of them are many and varied. One reports that a Negro trail cook in Montana died violently when he attacked a white cowboy with a butcher knife. Another tells of a Negro rancher in Kansas who grew tired of being hazed by a group of white cowboys. When one of them roped him and started to pull him off his horse, the Negro drew his gun and killed his tormentor. A Negro horsebreaker in South Dakota won admiration for his skill in breaking horses —one of his admirers who imitated his methods being Theodore Roosevelt. A Negro range boss in New Mexico was so well liked by all the cattlemen and cowboys in his part of the country that when he got married he and his bride found nineteen cookstoves among their many wedding presents. In Arizona a Negro cowboy volunteered to go two rounds with the great John L. Sullivan —but lasted for less than a minute. Like the white cowboys, Negroes usually made news and got their names in the paper only when they disturbed the peace. Thousands of others did their jobs and drew their pay without making even local history.

A few settled down and made places for themselves in the hearts and memories of ranching communities. One such man was Willis Peoples, who built up a small ranch south of Meade, Kansas, near the Neutral Strip. When the ranchers in his neighborhood began losing cattle to a wolf called Old Two Toes—so called because he had once lost part of a front paw in a trap—they offered bounties for his destruction. They even called in professional wolfers to stalk the lobo. But all these efforts failed. Old Two Toes continued to pull down full-

grown cows and even to cut up nearly wild range bulls. When he took to mate a bitch wolf, the damage tripled.

Finally, Willis Peoples drove into town and made the other ranchers a proposition. If they would leave the wolves alone for a month and keep him supplied with food and fresh horses, he would destroy Old Two Toes. A few men laughed, but those who knew Peoples were glad to agree.

The Negro rancher camped on the trail of the two wolves, and for two weeks he never allowed them a moment's rest. By this time the bitch had had enough and deserted her mate. A few days later Peoples began to detect a weakening in Old Two Toes, and he sensed an increasing advantage. The tired wolf was now less careful in hiding his tracks and in doubling back. Late one day he finally crawled up an arroyo and lay down under a bank of clay. There Peoples came upon him and shot him from a distance of fifty feet.

The next evening he drove his wagon into Meade and dropped Old Two Toes into the street. The townspeople gathered to congratulate him and to gaze at the wolf—a dead animal seven feet long. One of them asked why Peoples had known from the outset that he could capture the wolf, especially when so many others had failed. The answer was simple. Peoples said that he knew that any man with his mind made up was a majority. His mind, he added, had been made up, and that was "how it was."

Another Negro cowboy who helped to settle the West was big Jim Simpson, who first came up the trail from Texas with a white and Negro crew driving a herd of longhorns. Instead of returning to Texas after the herd was delivered, Jim Simpson and Joe Proctor, another Negro cowboy, stayed in Wyoming and worked for the Flying E ranch. Both were good hands, but Jim Simpson was more. Soon he was known as "about the best roper on the range." When he became older and heavier he turned to driving a chuck wagon and cooking.

As a ranch and roundup cook his reputation grew, and many cowboys praised him as one who really "knew how to wrastle Dutch ovens, pots and pans." Because he also knew the range and its ways, he became a friend and adviser for younger cowboys. When one of them became sick from drinking alkali water, Jim would send him off the next morning with a can of tomatoes and with instructions to drink nothing but tomato juice. If one of them had more serious problems, Jim could explain the strange behavior of men—and cattle—and women. Cowboys listened respectfully and repaid him by dragging in his wood and taking care not to raise dust around his camp.

Although Jim knew his trade, building cooking fires which were steady and even, rarely blackening his pots and pans, he had the inevitable problems of any cook on the high Wyoming ranges. Floyd Bard, a white cowboy who rode with Simpson, remembered one cold morning during a late season roundup. A heavy snow fell during the night and everybody was cold. As Bard said:

> It didn't take us long to get dressed and to start running foot races to warm up a bit. Simpson over under the fly of his wagon was having a lot of trouble trying to cook some breakfast. The wind was blowing out the fire about as fast as he could build it. It was ten o'clock before we had breakfast.

During the winters, Jim was welcomed at the homes and ranches of his many friends. He spent two winters at the George Harper ranch, helping a busy mother who had lost a hand from blood poisoning but still had to care for four small children. During many long evenings he played the fiddle for "kitchen dances," so called because the kitchen of a small ranch house was frequently the only room available.

Once, at least, Jim Simpson appeared in a situation that could have been a scene in an old Western movie in which shy cowboys kiss only their horses. He was working at the Flying E, a ranch that was "a bachelor stronghold" filled with bashful men. They could battle blizzards or rustlers, but they were afraid of good women. As a result, when a newly married school teacher arrived at the ranch, all the cowboys scattered. According to the account in the *Annals of Wyoming*, "when the new bride stopped in to get warm while on the way to Buffalo, the assembled cowboys gave one glance and disappeared like magic, leaving Jim Simpson, colored round-up cook, fiddler and expert roper, to entertain her."

Jim Simpson, like Willis Peoples, was one of the scores of Negro cowboys who rode out of Texas to settle permanently in some other part of the West. But they were the exceptions. For every Simpson or Peoples there were a hundred Negro cowboys who delivered their trail herds and then rode back to Texas.

One of these was Bronco Sam who stopped briefly in Cheyenne when he and his crew halted a slow drive to give their cattle a rest. According to Bill Walker, a white cowboy who rode with him, Sam was a "genuine black buckaroo" who was afraid of nothing and who could ride anything.

Sam and Walker and the rest of the crew rode into Cheyenne to see the sights. As Walker remembered:

> Cheyenne had only one real street then, about three blocks long, but it was sure a great street of its size. It had a clothing store with a plate-glass front, and that store front was the only mirror that a lot of those cowboys had ever looked into. That burg had plenty of ladies, too, as well as saloons and poker joints, and they all got plumb fat and prosperous as soon as our bunch hit town.

Three days later the bunch was back with the herd, nearly broke, still a little drunk, probably a little hung over, and somewhat resentful of the bartenders, gamblers, and "ladies" who had efficiently emptied their pockets. So they planned one last fling—something to make Cheyenne remember them.

Because Sam was a great rider, the crew decided to rope the biggest longhorn in the herd, saddle it, and have the Negro bronc buster ride it through Cheyenne's main street. Bronco Sam, who was no more sober than the rest, thought it a great idea. They roped and saddled the steer and Sam mounted it. Riding toward Cheyenne, they whooped and hollered and swung knotted ropes to drive the bucking steer. By the time the show got into town, Sam's mount was frantic and maddened, and when it saw itself reflected in the plate-glass window of the clothing store it was ready for a charge. Charge it did—through the window, down the aisles, over the counters, around the shelves—with the clerks diving into corners for protection. Then it plunged back out through the empty frame.

According to Walker, "Sam was still in the saddle, the steer's horns decorated with pants, coats, underwear, and other odds and ends of gearin'." The steer was still jumping as the cowboys closed in to drive him back toward the herd, and Sam was shouting that he had brought out a suit of clothes for everybody in the crew. He and all the others had sobered up by the time they had unsaddled the steer and turned it back into the herd. They rode back into town, faced the angry storekeeper, paid the damages, and went back to the dusty routine of driving cattle.

Somehow Sam and nearly all the other Negro cowboys

continued on page 87

Ben Hodges, shown with rifle and pistol, was one of the Negro cowboys who came to Dodge City with a Texas trail crew.

Jim Wardner: Financial Wizard of the West

BY W. J. GRANBERG

About seventy-five years ago a Spokane, Washington, newspaper wrote: "Can too much praise be given the hardy prospector who

Opes the vaults where the gold dust shines,
And gives us the key to the silver mines?"

The man they were praising was James F. Wardner, one of the most fascinating financial figures who ever trod the boardwalks of pioneer-day western towns. He was more than a prospector, too, for he played with millions of dollars, often the other fellow's, and he was fresh from promoting the famed Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine in Idaho when the Spokane paper paid him tribute.

As for towns, Wardner founded two of them, one in Idaho and the other in British Columbia, both bearing his name. His gold-dust trail stretched the length of the Pacific Coast, touched Arizona and Utah, led to Africa, the Klondike, and left him on the beach at Nome, panning sand for gold.

Comstock, Flood, Mackay, and other hallowed names in western mining annals were pikers compared with Wardner; for he ranged farther, betting on almost any hole in the ground, and winning, just as likely as not. And if there weren't a mine to tempt Wardner, he made money cornering the egg market, to name one example.

Name it, and Wardner did it first, with color and dash, and usually at a good profit, although he was just as apt to be broke two days later. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1846, Wardner made money as a boy raising and selling rabbits on the simple principle of quick multiplication. Working in a drugstore proved too

DRAWINGS BY V. DOUGLAS SNOW

dull, even though a customer dropped dead as a result of being given the wrong prescription. Jim Wardner was not at fault, but he had a sudden desire to get as far away from Milwaukee as possible. So when a boyhood friend offered to let him in on a hog-raising venture, he invested $1,000 to buy five hundred pigs at two dollars each. The idea was to let them run wild in the San Julian Mountains near San Diego, California, fattening themselves on acorns, and then sell them at ten dollars a head. Trouble was, the hogs went wild and Jim's partner had to stand them off with a club, as Jim discovered on a visit to the hog camp after an absence of three months.

Abandoning the scheme and leaving his partner to deal with the rampaging hogs, Wardner made a good thing out of the Lizzie Bullock mine in Arizona until Apache Indians killed twenty mules and the five men he had employed to haul ore to Los Angeles. He ended this venture $5,000 ahead and hurried to San Francisco where he joined the rush to speculate in mining stocks. He guessed wrong, however, and it hurt. Downgrading the Segregated Belcher mine near Virginia City, he sold his stock too soon and took a loss of $162,000, much of it on paper, plus all his cash.

On the way to solace himself with a drink, he lost his last quarter through a hole in the sidewalk. Fishing it out, he found $9.60 more in loose change, enough to give him new courage and a start for Alta City, Utah, a mining town in the Wasatch Mountains that was literally buried under snow. He worked two days to earn six dollars and then headed for Salt Lake City and the best hotel.

Here Wardner's charm took over, as it was to do so many times. Meeting a prosperous New Yorker in the

Townsend House lobby, he sold the man a mine he didn't own. He found one quickly, however, optioning it and closing the deal at a profit of $2,000. Wardner liked Utah, but when he made a quick profit on the Dolly Varden mine, he decided to return to Milwaukee and settle down in a quiet, sedate business. Milwaukee was in the throes of wheat speculation, however, and the temptation was too great. He plunged, and was broke in ten days.

From riches to rags and reverse is the story of Wardner's life. How his wife stood it is a mystery, although in his biography he wrote of her:

> She grows fat on promises and is happy in financial adversity. I got hold of her accidentally and I have educated her splendidly. The click of the nightlock bothers her no longer. She does not implicitly believe what I say, consequently she has few disappointments. I do not confide my business to her and she is not worried and never blamed. She was bright and intelligent when I got hold of her and was easy to educate. The time to educate them is in their youth.

Mrs. Wardner did not comment, at least in print, on her husband's observations.

When the gold dust trail led to the Black Hills of South Dakota, Wardner was there as storekeeper and freighter. Extending himself, he bought up all the corn, oats, and feed grain in the region, built a warehouse to hold it, and was wiped out by fire. Undaunted, he borrowed $5,000 and bought up all the eggs in northwest Iowa and southeast Dakota at $4.50 for crates of thirty dozen. He sold them in mining camps at fifteen dollars a crate.

Wardner returned to Milwaukee with $10,000 in his pockets, again vowing to "settle down." He did make an honest try, going on the road to sell a substitute for butter called "butterine." He did well, until an order of the stuff stood in the sun so long it melted,and the law of gravity separated it into layers of cottonseed oil, lard, coloring material, and vaseline. He sold it for grease, convinced that ordinary business, too, has its pitfalls.

Typically, however, Wardner landed on his feet. Hearing of gold excitement in the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho, he hurried to Thompson's Falls with two hundred boxes of butterine, knowing hungry prospectors will buy anything. He hauled his product to Murray by dog team, branched out to general freighting with mules, opened a general store, and helped dig a ditch to carry water to placer-mine diggings. He made money in all departments.

Since he had promised his wife that once he struck it rich he would return to Milwaukee, Wardner prepared to leave Murray for Spokane to catch a train. Events overpowered him again, however, and he turned his back on home to make the biggest deal of his life. He was in a Murray bar, having "one for the road" (the eighty-mile horseback ride to Spokane), when an old friend, John Flaherty, rode up, plastered with mud, breathless with word of a big strike in the Coeur d'Alenes.

Wardner downed his drink, turned his horse, Bronco Billy, toward Jackass Prairie and the Mullan road, and found the camp beside Milo Creek. Under the charm of the two quarts of whiskey that he was thoughtful enough to have brought along, the three prospectors huddled in a tent and told Jim of their strike.

The men were Con Sullivan, Phil O'Rourke, and N. S. Kellogg. They explained how an outcropping of galena, glistening in the sun like a mirror, had been

Wardner made money as ... elling rabbits on the principle of quick multiplication

discovered by their jackass which had wandered away from camp. They found the beast standing on Bunker Hill, gazing across the canyon at the ore. Strangely enough, the District Court of Idaho did rule that the jackass was co-discoverer of the mine. Judge Norman Buck held that:

From the evidence of the witnesses, the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by the jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg; and as the jackass is the property of the plaintiffs, Cooper & Peck, they are entitled to half interest in the Bunker Hill and a quarter interest in the Sullivan claims.

A rich claim is one thing and a working mine another, however. After putting all his own money into building a road, hauling ore, and exploring the diggings, Wardner set out to raise money for developing the property. He tried Spokane, Portland, and San Francisco in vain. As a last resort he went to Helena, Montana, to talk to Governor Samuel T. Hauser, who also was president of the First National Bank. He got his money, and the Bunker Hill & Sullivan became the largest lead mine in the United States, if not the world, with Kellogg as its headquarters.

Wardner, the catalyst who brought money and ore together to make a mine, again was wealthy. He turned now to real estate by founding a town he named after himself, four miles from Kellogg. With a population of nine hundred, it exists today as his monument. With his partner, Horace Davenport, he sold all the corner lots in his own town and made a quick $10,000.

Possessing enough money to open his own bank, he did just that but made the mistake of putting his pals on the board of directors. They turned out to be the bank's best customers so far as loans were concerned, and when it got to the point he had to stand guard with a shotgun to end the borrowing, he closed the bank.

That was in 1886. He prospected around until 1889, a year that saw him lose money on wheat, oil and mining stocks, with the result that he hurried to get in on the "ground floor" with Nelson Bennett, a millionaire contractor who had visions of making a "metropolis" out of Fairhaven, a wide spot in the road beside upper Puget Sound at what is now Bellingham, Washington.

Wardner founded two banks at Fairhaven, electric light and water companies, logging, coal, and marble firms, of which he was either president or vice president. Moreover, he founded the Consolidated Black Cat Company, Ltd., the most outrageous enterprise on which he ever embarked, setting up shop on an island off Fairhaven, with another man doing the work. Thousands of black cats were rounded up from San Francisco to Seattle and shipped to the island. At the rate of five hundred a month, the pelts were sold on the St. Louis fur market as "hood seal." The project collapsed, however, when the ranch manager tired of catching fish to feed the cats and fed them soup made of cat meat.

The crash of 1893 was not kind to Wardner, and he sold everything he had to save his banks. Seeking greener pastures, he went to Africa but apparently found nothing around Johannesburg to interest him, for he returned and took up mining ventures in British Columbia. There, he founded another town, giving it his name, but gave up when he lost two uninsured steamers on the Kootenay River.

Heeding the clarion call of the Klondike, he headed there, where he made a small fortune selling foodstuffs which he hauled to Dawson in his own barges. Oranges went for $100 a box, for example, and whiskey for $100 a gallon. True to form, however, Wardner lingered in the Yukon country only until he heard the call to Nome where fifteen hundred men were working the beaches. He went "outside" briefly in 1899 to finish his autobiography, a book he closed with this paragraph:

I am off to Cape Nome again where I expect to pile up a colossal fortune, the foundations of which have already been laid by my partner, Tough-Nut Jack. This is, indeed, my best venture; and when, dear reader, you are perusing this book, surrounded by comforts and all the luxuries of life, think kindly of the writer, whose trail has been covered with hardships, and who if successful in this last and biggest struggle, will return to his own dear ones, there to remain until the book of life is closed and he joins the great stampede to the Golden City of the New Jerusalem, there to meet the kindred mining spirits and talk over the prospects in our heavenly camp.

Two things are certain: Wardner did not "return to his dear ones, there to remain"; and if he made it to the "New Jerusalem," he bought up the corner lots and is still panning the streets for gold.

The West was won by such men, however—fiddle-footed men who left roads where there were trails before, towns where there was nothing, and prospering mines that once existed only in dreams. The famed Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine is monument enough to Wardner, to say nothing of the memory of his somewhat comic, black-cat farm.

The primary source for the story of his life is Jim Wardner's own autobiography published in 1900. Other material comes from various contemporary newspaper files.

He peddled black-cat pelts as "hood seal,"

but this project, too, collapsed.

Spotted Tail: Warrior, Diplomat

BY DONALD E. WORCESTER

Sinte Galeska or Spotted Tail was born in 1823, at the height of the "horse and buffalo" culture of the high plains. His tribe, the Brulé Sioux, numerous and powerful, were pressing southward across the Platte, contesting the hunting grounds of Nebraska and Kansas with their archenemies, the Pawnees. The nomadic life of the horse-using hunters was happy and rugged. With plenty of ponies, they could roam at will in any direction. The bison herds seemed endless. Life was a cycle of hunting, warfare, and winter camp. The most admirable qualities in men were skill and courage, and the Plains tribes graded various deeds or "coups" according to the degree of skill and courage each required. Highest of all coups was striking a live enemy in front of his own war party. Killing an enemy might not count at all unless the killer was one of the first four men to touch the corpse.

By the time Spotted Tail had seen ten winters the first harbingers of doom had appeared, for in 1834, an emigrant party followed the Platte west to the mountains. In the next decade a stream of white travelers followed the same route, which led through the heart of the Brulé country. The Brulés showed their resentment by stealing livestock and killing stray hunters. In 1845 Colonel S. W. Kearny marched to the Platte with a force of dragoons and warned the sullen chiefs to cease molesting the emigrants.

Little Thunder, chief of the southern Brulés, did not take this warning seriously, and his young men continued to attack wagon trains. In 1849 the Sioux warriors who robbed a wagon train hauling supplies to Fort Kearny were struck by cholera. Although they fled in panic, an entire camp was wiped out. The following year smallpox struck the terrified Brulés. They regarded these diseases as evidence of paleface magic, and they itched to lift scalps.

In 1851 the government negotiated a treaty in which the Sioux hunting grounds were defined; the tribes were promised annuities for fifty years, and the Sioux agreed to permit the whites to cross their lands safely. Two years later the Senate changed the time limit from fifty to fifteen years, and a few bewildered chiefs were persuaded to agree to the change to satisfy legality.

In 1854 Spotted Tail was a prominent warrior, a "war-shirt-wearer" or war leader. In August of that year a Minniconjou in the Brulé camp killed an ox belonging to an emigrant. The owner complained to the commandant at Fort Laramie, Lieutenant Hugh B. Fleming. Fleming sent Lieutenant J. L. Grattan, with thirty men, to arrest the Minniconjou. Brave Bear, the Brulé chief, offered ponies to pay for the ox but refused to surrender the guilty man. Grattan brushed him aside and brought his field piece and mountain howitzer to bear on the Brulé camp. Spotted Tail assembled a large group of warriors in the willows along the river plain. Bows strung and lances ready, they waited.

The soldiers leveled their muskets and fired, and the two cannons ripped through the tepees. Brave Bear fell, mortally wounded. Spotted Tail and his war party raced out of the willows and rode the soldiers down, killing or fatally wounding every man. Their blood up, the young warriors were eager to attack Fort Laramie. The older chiefs were shocked at the unexpected attack, but they hoped to avoid further fighting. When the Brulés were calm again, they struck their camps and scattered to hunt. Spotted Tail sent messengers to the distant camps with a terse message: The whites have attacked us; hit the warpath!

As usual the various tribes and bands pursued their own interests with no semblance of unity or agreement. Spotted Tail and a group of warriors harassed the travelers on the Oregon Trail, then went after their favorite foes, the Pawnees. War with the whites, they assumed, was like war with other enemies. One could fight during the season, then put the war "back in the bag." This was a delusion the Brulés never completely abandoned. In the meantime, however, General W. S. Harney was preparing to march against them from Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. He sent word out to the Sioux telling them to camp south of the Platte near Fort Laramie and to avoid the killers of the Grattan party and the leaders of the raids on the Oregon Trail, for they would be treated as enemies.

Most of the Sioux quickly complied with Harney's order, but Spotted Tail, with Little Thunder and his band, remained away. In August of 1855 they were camped on the Bluewater near Ash Hollow, not far from the Oregon Trail. They knew of Harney's approach up the Platte, but they had been hunting, and the meat needed a few more days before it would be dry. Harney's force numbered about six hundred dragoons and infantry. He sent his dragoons at night to take position on the Bluewater above the Brulé camp. At daybreak on September 3, he led the infantry up the stream from below.

Little Thunder, Spotted Tail, and Iron Shell rode out to parley with Harney while the women and children tore down the tepees. The infantry kept on marching, and the dragoons struck the upper end of the camp. The Brulés abandoned their possessions and fled in panic. Spotted Tail and other warriors fought a delaying action; when he finally quit the fight Spotted Tail had two bullet wounds and two saber cuts. One or two of his wives and children had been captured.

The Ash Hollow fight was a stunning blow to the Brulés, who were accustomed to mourning the loss of a single warrior. In the brief battle with Harney eighty-six were killed, and seventy women and children were captured along with most of the ponies and possessions. Fighting the whites was disastrous.

Harney continued his march to Fort Laramie where he held council with the apprehensive "friendlies." He demanded the surrender of the warriors who had killed Grattan and who had attacked the mail wagon. He then marched boldly through the center of the Brulé hunting grounds, an open invitation to battle. Not a single Sioux accepted the challenge. The "Hornet," as the Sioux

Spotted Tail on the left with other prominent Indians at Fort Laramie in 1868. Photo by Alexander Gardner

called Harney, had impressed them with his sting.

The guilty warriors soon surrendered. Persuaded that their lives must be sacrificed for the safety of the tribe, Spotted Tail, Red Leaf, Long Chin, and two brothers of the slain chief, Brave Bear, appeared at Fort Laramie on October 18, 1855. Dressed in their war costumes, they rode slowly, each warrior singing his death chant. Spotted Tail's only plea was to see his captured wives and children before he was killed.

The prisoners were taken to Fort Leavenworth, and Spotted Tail gained an impression of the immense numbers of whites and their comparatively limitless power. He realized the utter foolishness of fighting the whites, for the Sioux could only lose. Shortly after, all of the warriors were pardoned by President Franklin Pierce, and in the summer of 1856 they returned to their own people. From this time on Spotted Tail and Little Thunder urged the Brulés to live in peace with the whites.

The Sioux agent, Thomas S. Twiss, now began urging the Sioux to take up farming. The Brulés, except for those in the Corn Band, were warriors and hunters; and hands that had held the bow flinched at holding the hoe. Spotted Tail adopted a policy which he followed successfully for a quarter of a century in dealing with commissioners and agents: agree to take up farming but find excuses for putting off the evil day. The change must be made slowly, and as long as there were bison to hunt and Pawnees to scalp the Brulés could remain happy.

During the next few years, the Brulés increased their respect for Spotted Tail who, as second in command to Little Thunder, kept them out of trouble with the whites. They still held their annual Sun Dance and invariably followed it by devastating raids on the Pawnees. There was some talk among the agents about settling the Sioux on a reservation and keeping them from crossing the Platte to hunt. The outbreak of the Civil War temporarily disrupted these plans, for most of the troops were removed from the Sioux country. They were eventually replaced, however, by inexperienced volunteers and paroled Confederate prisoners of war.

The Pawnees, who as friends of the whites had been promised government protection, were left completely at the mercy of their enemies. The Sioux soon realized that there was something to be gained by resistance to governmental authority, but none of them had Spotted Tail's insight in such matters. He believed that as long as the Brulés avoided open conflicts with whites they could continue to hunt game and Pawnees.

In June of 1864 another council with the Sioux was held at Camp Cottonwood where Fort McPherson was later built. Little Thunder was ill, and for the first time Spotted Tail represented the Brulés. Major George N. O'Brien summarily ordered the Brulés to keep out of the Platte Valley. Enraged, Spotted Tail informed the major that the land belonged to the Sioux and that they would travel it as they chose.

The year 1864 was also the time of the attack of Colonel J. M. Chivington and the Colorado volunteers on Black Kettle's Cheyenne camp at Sand Creek. The Brulés shared hunting grounds with the Cheyennes, and

Sioux encampment near Fort Laramie, 1868, typical of Plains Indians of that period. Photo by Alexander Gardner.

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when half-frozen survivors of the massacre reached their camps in December, the Brulés were furious. The Cheyennes sent war pipes to all Sioux camps, and even the friendly chiefs had little choice but to smoke them.

When the tribal council decided on war, Spotted Tail and other friendlies were obliged to go along. The Brulés planned to move north and join the hostiles in mid-winter. Early in January they attacked Julesberg and obtained provisions for the march. In between burning the stage stations along the Platte they ransacked Julesberg again in February. Knowing that troops would soon be on the march against them, Spotted Tail persuaded his band to leave the hostiles. Early in spring they arrived at Fort Laramie and declared themselves to be friendly.

By 1865 the military posts in the Sioux country were again garrisoned by regular troops, veterans of the Civil War but unaccustomed to Indians. When Spotted Tail and Little Thunder arrived, the post commander at Fort Laramie sent them down the Platte under guard as prisoners of war. A few nights later the Brulés slipped away leaving their tepees standing. They hunted buffalo in the Powder River country and avoided all contacts with the whites.

In March, 1866, Spotted Tail's favorite daughter was dying, and she had asked to be buried at Fort Laramie. Spotted Tail sent a messenger to the new post commander who knew the chief well. After the funeral Spotted Tail proposed a peace treaty and sent runners to all friendly camps. By this time Little Thunder, who was old and weary, had stepped down as Brulé chief in favor of Spotted Tail. While waiting for the peace commission to arrive from Washington, Spotted Tail resumed his favorite pastime of harassing the Pawnees.

In June the commission and the Sioux met at Fort Laramie. When they learned that the commission wanted them to allow a wagon road through the Powder River country to Montana, the chiefs were furious. While they were debating this point, Colonel H. B. Carrington marched up with a large force and announced that he had orders to open the road and build forts. Red Cloud left the council in a rage while the friendly chiefs remained to sign the treaty, certain that the troops would open the road regardless of opposition.

At this crucial time, however, the Indian Peace Policy was adopted by Washington officials under pressure from idealists who pictured the Sioux as peace-loving, would-be farmers. No force was to be used against the hostiles, but Custer and the Seventh Cavalry controlled the hunting grounds south of the Platte to prevent the friendlies from hunting there. In this confused period Spotted Tail had a difficult time holding the Brulés together. By the end of 1867, however, large numbers of Brulés and Oglalas had left the hostile camps and joined his band.

In 1868 the government abandoned the Powder River road, giving in completely to the hostiles' demands, and Red Cloud's prestige was at its zenith. The friendly chiefs were scorned by the Sioux and ignored by the whites. A commission arrived from Washington with a new treaty, and again the friendly chiefs signed. They were unaware, however, that they had agreed to move to a reservation on the Missouri River, an area they hated. When they were actually ordered to move to the Mis-

Red Cloud was also bent on keeping his hunting grounds for the Sioux but often antagonized Washington officials.

souri, the shocked Brulés held council. There was little to decide. It was better to go, Spotted Tail told them, than to fight a war they would surely lose. Sullenly they marched to their new agency on Whetstone Creek in South Dakota. Awaiting them was a pile of heavy farm machinery. Probably it is still there, for the Brulés refused to touch it.

Spotted Tail's difficulties increased, for young warriors were constantly slipping out of camp to raid with the hostiles. The Indian Office adopted a new policy of trying to bypass the chiefs, and Spotted Tail had to meet this threat. In the spring of 1869 a party of Brulés, ignoring his warnings, slipped off toward their old hunting grounds at Republican Fork. They were surprised by the government's Pawnee scouts and had to flee, losing their camp and possessions. The Brulés were now more willing to listen to Spotted Tail.

Spotted Tail learned much of white officials during the two years at Whetstone Agency. The numerous squawmen in the camp were free with their advice, but he usually relied on his own direct dealings with the agent. He watched carefully over the Brulés, determined to keep them out of trouble and to prevent their having to become farmers. Arranging for them to hunt on the Republican Fork was another ambition.

In the spring of 1870 Spotted Tail and Fast Bear reluctantly went to Washington to confer with President Grant. Red Cloud and his party arrived afterwards. Spotted Tail complained to the Secretary of the Interior that the Brulés wanted to choose a new agency and that they had a right to hunt at Republican Fork. "Tell him," the secretary remarked to the interpreter, "that a man must expect some trouble in life and should face it in a manly way. . . ." Spotted Tail laughed. "Tell him," he replied, "if he had had as much trouble in his life as I have had in mine, he would have cut his throat long ago."

Unlike Red Cloud and the other headmen, who were ill at ease in Washington, Spotted Tail was witty and talkative. At a banquet in the White House he remarked on the quantity and variety of good foods. One of the officials pointed out that if the Sioux would take up farming they could have such food. Spotted Tail said that if they would give him a tepee like the White House he would be glad to be a farmer.

While Red Cloud shouted at officials, Spotted Tail quietly pushed them toward allowing the Brulés to move from the Missouri and to hunt on the Republican Fork. On his return to Whetstone, he announced to the Brulés that they would be able to move, although he had been given no definite promise. Their wild enthusiasm was dampened by the agent, and they became dangerously angry. Agent Poole sent off a frantic telegram to Washington, and the permission was granted. Spotted Tail had learned much in dealing with white officials.

The new location Spotted Tail chose was on the White River sixty miles from the Black Hills. Unknown to officials in Washington, it was an area totally unsuited to farming. Spotted Tail had skillfully enlisted the aid of William Welsh, of the Board of Indian Commissioners, in obtaining the new site by stressing the fact that it would be out of reach of the whiskey peddlers on the Missouri. He had been away when Welsh visited Whetstone, but he dictated a letter to a squawman and sent it to the Christian philanthropist. He tricked Welsh into supporting the move without revealing that it would kill the plan to change the Brulé way of life overnight.

Only a few squawmen and mixed bloods who had actually wanted to farm objected to the move. Spotted Tail easily silenced them, for they had no desire to have the camp soldiers kill their ponies and shoot up their tepees. The new Whetstone Agency was moved not only in 1870, but again in 1872 and in 1874. These moves made it impossible to make any start at farming.

During 1871 and 1872 another of Spotted Tail's ambitions was fulfilled when he took the Brulés to Republican Fork to hunt. Grand Duke Alexis of Russia wanted to see Indians hunting bison, and General Sheridan allowed the Brulés to return to their old hunting grounds for the occasion. Cattlemen had been moving into the region, and the bison herds were fast disappearing.

In 1872 Spotted Tail visited Washington again to confer over moving the agency to a better location. He agreed to move, but again insisted on choosing a site that was unfit for farming. Red Cloud's agency was only forty miles away, and the Brulés and Oglalas together resisted efforts to change their way of life. The two million dollars the government spent each year on the Sioux in hopes of making them self-supporting was largely wasted.

In the fall of 1873 bands of hostiles came to the agencies for food, blankets, and ammunition. They talked loudly of war, and for a time Red Cloud was led along by them. A young warrior tried to kill the agent at

Red Cloud Agency, but shot a clerk by mistake. He fled to a camp near Whetstone Agency where Spotted Tail's warriors killed him. The government's peace policy was clearly a failure, for many of the Sioux believed that the whites were afraid of them. Spotted Tail, however, was not deceived.

The government's policy was now reversed, and troops were stationed at Camp Robinson near Red Cloud Agency. Spotted Tail was trusted to preserve the peace at Whetstone, and no troops were sent there. By 1874 the Sioux were persuaded to sell their hunting rights in Nebraska, as there were few bison left to hunt. Spotted Tail agreed to the insistent demands to move the agency to a new location, but only on the condition that army officers whom he trusted would be allowed to choose it. The new Spotted Tail Agency was placed on West Beaver Creek, which was soon found to be in Nebraska. In 1874, too, gold fever struck the Dakotas. Prospectors swarmed into the Black Hills ignoring army warnings. Spotted Tail took his agent on a trip to the Hills to see for himself and came away convinced that the region was too valuable for the Sioux to sell. He and other chiefs were called to Washington again to prepare them for the loss of the Black Hills. A new commission in 1875 arrived at the agencies with an offer for the Hills. Only Spotted Tail seemed to have realized the gravity of the affair, for the Sioux, as usual, were quarreling among themselves. By the time the commissioners arrived, however, twenty thousand Sioux were assembled.

The Sioux warriors were so openly hostile that the commissioners gave up, thankful to escape with their hair. Spotted Tail asked them to state their proposal. They offered six million dollars; he countered with a demand for ten times that amount. The Sioux chiefs considered the commissioner's proposal, argued among themselves, and then rejected it outright. They assumed that this ended the matter, despite the fact that the whites were already laying out towns in the Black Hills. As a result of their naïveté, they were stunned by the government's next move.

In November, 1875, President Grant and the commissioner of Indian Affairs agreed on a new policy toward the hostiles. A message went out that unless they returned to the agencies by January 31, troops would drive them back. The Indian Peace Policy was over; the greedy savages who refused to part with the Hills would get the back of the hand instead of the tender palm.

The Sioux agents sent out runners before Christmas, but few of them were able to return before the end of February. It was clearly impossible for the camps to move so quickly, and it was obvious that they were not expected to comply. Even before a reply was possible, General George Crook marched from Fort Fetterman to hunt for them. Most of the Sioux, when they did reply, were friendly and agreed to consider the order, perhaps in the summer. They did not recognize it as a declaration of war. By the summer the Sioux and Cheyenne hostiles had sent Crook reeling back to Goose Creek and had annihilated most of the Seventh Cavalry. Then as usual, they split into bands and went their various ways.

In February, 1877, Spotted Tail agreed to go to the camps of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull and try to persuade them to come to the agencies. He agreed, however, on the condition that General Crook would use his influence to prevent the removal of the agencies to the Missouri once more. This action was vital to the Sioux, for the plan was to move them to the Missouri and then on to Indian Territory. The matter was debated in Congress, and accounts of the debates were published in the papers. Spotted Tail learned from his agent and the squawmen what was in prospect for the Sioux. With two hundred fifty Brulé warriors he rode to Crazy Horse's camp on the Little Powder. Crazy Horse avoided a meeting with him, but knowing that his people wanted badly to surrender, sent word that he would come in when the weather improved. Sitting Bull had left the region and was moving toward Canada in an effort to keep out of reach of the troops still following his trail. On his return from the fifty-day journey, Spotted Tail's prestige was at its highest. Both the Sioux and the army officers admired and respected him. Red Cloud tried vainly to secure a share of the credit for persuading Crazy Horse to surrender.

The Sioux war was not over, but the government still planned to move the agencies to the Missouri. The death of Crazy Horse aroused excitement, but when it died down the Sioux simply refused to move, preferring to stay where they were and starve. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail traveled to Washington once more. President Rutherford B. Hayes promised them that if they would move to the new agencies for one winter, they could choose new locations in the spring. They accepted this promise.

In the same year, 1877, Congress belatedly passed the Sioux appropriations bill, with a rider that this was

all until the Sioux agreed to give up the Black Hills. During all these troubles, Spotted Tail kept his Brulés at the agency and out of direct danger, a task far from simple. It became even more difficult when a new commission arrived in September to negotiate for the Black Hills and the Powder River region. The Sioux were bluntly told that if they refused, they and their families would starve.

Spotted Tail held out on the agreement until he learned that Red Cloud and his headmen had yielded. "If our friends above had not already signed it," he said wearily, "I would help them in holding out, but as they have already signed it, I ask all good men to come up and sign."

Red Cloud was at this time engaged in a petty quarrel with his agent, and he missed the significance of the Black Hills treaty. He soon found himself under arrest.

Sitting Buffalo Bull, better known simply as Sitting Bull, 1834-90, was a contemporary of Spotted Tail.

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General Crook then named Spotted Tail head of both agencies, in effect, head chief of the western Sioux.

The new but temporary Spotted Tail Agency was at the old Ponca Creek site in northeastern Nebraska, but Spotted Tail camped one hundred miles away on Rosebud Creek. It was another difficult time for holding the Brulés together. Some wanted to go to the agency and begin farming; others talked of joining Sitting Bull in Canada. White horse thieves stole hundreds of Brulé ponies, and the Brulés were powerless to retaliate. As usual, when there were no enemies to fight they quarrelled among themselves.

Some of the so-called progressives and squawmen slipped off to the agency on the Missouri to establish themselves there before a new agency was built elsewhere. Spotted Tail defeated this effort to split the Brulés by moving his whole camp to the Missouri and overawing the dissenters by numbers. In June he held a Sun Dance, and his control was completely reestablished. Tired of waiting for approval of the new site on Rosebud Creek, the Brulés simply deserted the Ponca Creek Agency and marched to the Rosebud. Following a suggestion Spotted Tail had made ten years earlier, the agents now hired the Sioux themselves to haul in supplies from the landing on the Missouri. This work kept them on the move and reasonably happy.

Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz now ordered Indian police organized at the agencies to give control to the agents rather than the chiefs. Spotted Tail insisted that only squawmen and halfbreeds enlist in the police at his agency, and they did not dare interfere with the fullbloods. It was a year before Washington officials discovered what had happened and why the Indian police were powerless.

The new agent was a nonentity named Cicero Newell. Spotted Tail, accustomed to agents he could trust and admire, moved into the agent's office and began running his agency. He invited the Sioux from all agencies to come to a Sun Dance. The new cornfields were abandoned at the crucial time despite the frantic efforts of the agents, and once more Spotted Tail destroyed the attempt to get the Sioux started farming. Schurz by now had seen through the Indian police scheme, however, and demanded one composed of fullbloods. Crow Dog, an able and ambitious warrior, was named chief of the police at Rosebud. He set about trying to undermine and bypass Spotted Tail, but every effort failed.

In 1880 Spotted Tail made his last trip east. It was on this occasion that he visited Carlisle Indian School and became outraged at the treatment of the Sioux children. He withdrew his own son immediately, and thereafter no students could be recruited at Rosebud or Pine Ridge, the Oglala agency. Crow Dog and his friends tried vainly to profit from the official dissatisfaction with Spotted Tail's attitude toward the Carlisle school.

Gradually the Sioux opposition to Spotted Tail became organized. His rivals held a council that was loaded against him in hopes of deposing him, but some of the warriors present demanded that he be heard. He came to the council and defended his actions for the past ten years so ably that the council agreed that his leadership was sound. He soon proved his effectiveness again.

While Spotted Tail had been in the East a group of young Brulés raided in Nebraska and killed a white man. Crow Dog refused to arrest them, but Spotted Tail persuaded them to surrender, then raised money to hire a lawyer for them. His prestige, despite the Carlisle affair, which still rankled officials and friends of the Indians, returned to its previous height. Crow Dog and the opposition were still determined to supplant him. In 1881 Crow Dog simply ambushed and killed him, then fled to safety while his family paid blood money.

No Sioux was able to take Spotted Tail's place, and no new head chief was recognized by the government. The authority of the minor chiefs also disappeared, and the Sioux were at last under direct governmental control through the agents and the Indian police.

Spotted Tail had served his people well. He had known that they could not be pushed quickly into a totally new way of life, and he had forced the government to make concessions which slowed the process. He had guided them through the difficult years of adjusting to reservation life and had avoided the open warfare that would have ended them as a people. The government had taken their lands; therefore let the government support them, was his attitude. Even after his death his program continued, and the Brulés remained in spirit much as they were in 1881, still restless and mobile, but not quite ready to take up farming seriously. For enabling them to escape an abrupt and thorough change in their way of life, they can thank *Sinte Galeska*, the warrior-diplomat of the Sioux.

There are many books dealing with the Indian wars in general and with the Sioux wars in particular. The best account of Spotted Tail's career is George Hyde, *Spotted Tail's Folk* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1961). Other books on the Sioux

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Forthcoming Articles

In the winter (February) issue a very small but truly delightful piece is presented. *"How Near is the Morning"* is a twenty-line poem or song of the Wichita Deer Society and is adapted and introduced by **William Brandon.**

Indian threat to the Santa Fe Trail during the Civil War led to a campaign against the Kiowas. **Robert M. Utley** tells about it in "Kit Carson and the Adobe Walls Campaign."

Jay Gurian criticizes the writers on the West from Mark Twain to Bernard DeVoto in *"The Unwritten West."* Hardly anyone escapes. Some people may not agree with his thesis, but the piece offers food for thought.

Mitchell A. Wilder introduces the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art of Fort Worth. He describes in words and with pictures the personalities and the collections of that important depository of western art.

"The Bomb at the Governor's Gate," by **Bryce W. Anderson,** is the story of the assassination of the ex-governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg

A large handful of other articles of wide interest will round out the magazine. An hitherto little published painting by Frederic Remington in full color will grace the cover. Widespread acceptance of THE AMERICAN WEST permits enlargement of the magazine and the use of color illustrations in future issues

CUSTER IN FICTION

GEORGE A. CUSTER, HERO OR VILLAIN?

BY KENT L. STECKMESSER

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Most of the major historical sources relating to George Armstrong Custer's vainglorious career are familiar to western students and scholars. Less well known is the sizeable body of fiction—dime novels and novels—which is based upon his exploits. These literary treatments offer further insights into Custer's character, are important items in the Custer legend, and are valuable supplements to the main works of historical and biographical interpretation.

Custer was an ideal subject for the dime novelists, and many of them exploited his career. Their stories were based upon Frederick Whittaker's eulogistic biography of 1876, and upon his consensed "dime biography" of 1882, *The Dashing Dragoon; or, The Story of Gen. George A. Custer from West Point to the Big Horn*. The novelists share Whittaker's worshipful attitude toward the general, as well as his profound indifference to historical facts. Since most of these paperbacks were written for young boys, a boy hero often accompanies the general as a trusted companion. Custer is every inch the "dashing dragoon"—gay, careless, and quite boyish himself.

One of the early novels, *Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn* (1883) by Colonel J. M. Travers [St. George Rathborne], may be taken as a model for the others. Mason Pierrepont, the "boy trailer" of the title, is trying to rescue his sister who has been captured by the Sioux. In this task he is aided by two old trappers, Pandy Ellis and Bolly Wherrit, and opposed by a pair of white renegades and a giant Indian outlaw named Red Goliath. The story takes place during the Custer battle, and a loose historical framework holds the plot together.

Custer appears as a romatic figure, a "dashing spirit" the author calls him, but there is occasional recognition of his stubbornness and indiscretion. "None knew the reckless, dashing nature of Custer better than Pandy, and he heard the orders for a division of the regiment with dismay." Yet it is his bravery and gallantry during the Last Stand which are emphasized. Mason Pierrepont implores him to retreat, but Custer will have none of it: "Forward, men, forward. Down with the hounds!" So he dies in the arms of the "boy hunter," but not before he has killed Black Sculley, one of the white renegades. Mason himself survives the battle, being buried under a pile of corpses. He crosses the river to the Sioux camp where he sees his sister being abducted by Red Goliath. He trails the two to a cave where he has a death struggle with the Indian and is finally saved by Bolley Wherrit.

The characters in this novel are all stock figures in the popular boys' fiction. The boy hero who becomes Custer's companion and who accompanies the great general as a junior scout is the vehicle for vicarious participation in the battle. The old rangers, speaking a dialect salted with "wal" and "hyar," are straight from the Leatherstocking tradition. The white renegades who help mastermind the Indian victory are also familiar figures. The Indians are all "red fiends" or "savage devils," and their character and language are just as improbable as those of James Fenimore Cooper's savages. Red Goliath leaps into a tentful of enemies with the words, "I'm the identical chap." The captive sister (or girl friend) represents the slight female influence in these novels. The girl has only a minimal role because the stories were meant for young boys who were being initiated into a world of masculine heroics.

Custer's Last Shot is also typical in that it is riddled with factual errors. The general wears his hair long; the Ree scout Bloody Knife appears with Custer up on the bluff rather than with Reno down in the valley; the troops use sabers. (The cover of the novel shows Custer and the boy trailer slashing at surrounding Indians with these weapons.) Of course dime novelists were under no obligation to write with accuracy. However, by tying their stories to actual episodes they helped to confuse fact and fancy and to disseminate legends about Custer and his last battle.

Custer's Washita campaign was the subject of another dime novel published in 1883. This was Thomas Harbaugh's *Roving Rifle, Custer's Little Scout; or, From the Plains to West Point*. A quick friendship springs up between the orphaned youth (whose only name is "Roving Rifle") and Custer, who employs him as a scout. The complicated plot involves spies and counterspies operating between Custer's camp and Black Kettle's village. Roving Rifle plays a prominent part in the campaign: "Snow or storm must not turn me back. I am Custer's soldier now. The success of the winter march depends on finding the 'Rapahoe spy." The Custer who inspires such devotion must be, and is, a thoroughly idealized character. There is no hint of the personal ambition involved in his Washita campaign. Black Kettle on the other hand is characterized as a

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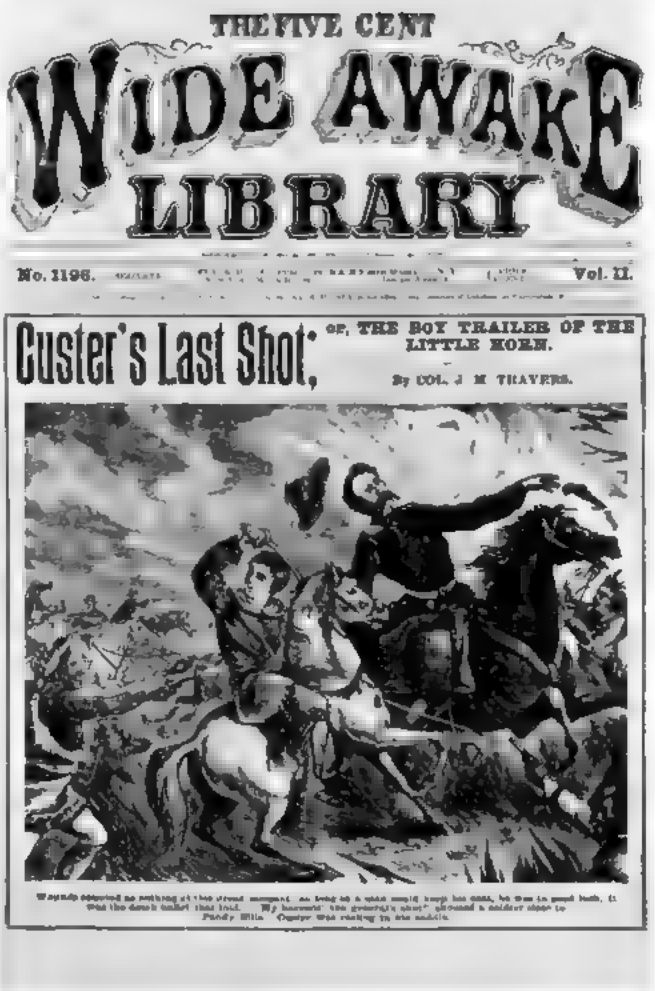
No. 38.
The Dashing Dragoon;
Or, The Story of Gen. Geo A. Custer from West Point to the Big Horn.
BY CAPTAIN FRED'K WHITTAKER,

Frederick Whittaker's eulogistic "dime biography" was profoundly indifferent to historical facts.



Custer was an ideal subject for the dime novelists. From them grew many of the legends surrounding his career.

"vindictive redskin, who had given the Government more trouble than all the other chiefs combined." Thus it must have been satisfying to the young readers when Roving Rifle, after a series of escapades in the Indian village, kills Black Kettle. Custer rewards the young hero by sending him to West Point.

Most of the stories continued to be built around the climactic battle on the Little Big Horn, with the narrator being a witness and somehow managing to survive the annihilation. Occasionally an adult hero replaces Custer's boy companion. In *Buffalo Bill's Big Four; or, Custer's Shadow* (1887) by Prentiss Ingraham, the ubiquitous Buffalo Bill marches in the Dakota column with Custer. He attempts to warn the general against bringing on a fight with the savages:

"I'm afraid, General," he said, "you are underrating woefully the strength of the redskins. They are flushed with victory, and will fight like demons. They are moreover, fairly well armed, and in this case we must not reckon too much on the superiority of white soldiers."

"What, Cody," cried the general, "are you, too, going to turn croaker? I shall move out with seven hundred sabers, and I think we shall be able to cope with more savages than we are likely to meet."

At the Last Stand, Cody and Custer fight shoulder to shoulder with sabers. Bill survives the battle, being

saved from scalping by an old Indian friend. Ingraham closely follows the Whittaker interpretation by inveighing against Reno for failing to come up and aid his commander. An indication of Ingraham's historical accuracy may be found in his statement of the causes of the Sioux War: "The Crows and the Sioux had joined together, and, inducing the neighboring tribes to join them, were sweeping all signs of civilization before them."

"A True Story of the Little Big Horn" was the subtitle of *Custer's Little Dead-shot; or, The Boy Scout of the Little Big Horn*, an 1888 novel by "An Old Scout" [Lu Senarens]. The teenage dead shot is "Yellowstone Jack" Shelby, who like Roving Rifle of the Washita affair is a prairie orphan who looks up to Custer as a foster parent. Custer and Jack attempt to assist young Ethel Readon in finding the murderer of her father. The murderer is Barnabas Zadok, a "heavily bearded arch scoundrel," who has allied his band of white renegades with Sitting Bull. During the usual complicated tale of captures, escapes, and recaptures, the boy scout is at one point rescued just as he is about to be consumed by the fire at Sitting Bull's torture stake. At the Last Stand, Custer realizes too late that he has been led into an ambush by Sitting Bull's clever ruse. He turns to Yellowstone Jack and shouts: "Ride for your life, boy, and tell Benteen to come on. Big village! Be quick! Bring packs." So Jack becomes the last white person to see the general alive, and the device of having the boy replace Trumpeter Martin as the bearer of the "last message" becomes a standard feature in subsequent book-length fiction.

One early attempt at full-length fictional interpretation of Custer was *Master of the Strong Hearts* (1898), by Elbridge S. Brooks. The book is something of a classic, since the literary formula for handling Custer in boys' fiction has changed very little since 1898.

The nominal hero of the novel is Jack Huntingdon, a sixteen-year-old student in the city of New York. He makes friends with the Sioux, Young Wolf, and encounters this friend many times during the story. The Jack-Young Wolf relationship complements the Jack-Custer story line and enables the author to unify his plot by presenting both sides of the Indian wars.

Jack is a city boy from the East, which means that he has to go west to find real adventure—the "uncitified adventures" with which Custer is identified. In fact, the novel incorporates an anti-school philosophy which seems quite appropriate to the Custer story. When Jack has to return to school after his adventures on the plains, it is to the same "uneventful routine" as before. The basic appeal of the Custer legend to young boys seems to involve this contrast between the dull and stuffy schoolrooms "back East" and the action and color of life in the Far West. This appeal is both implicit and explicit in all the boys' novels.

The heroic image of Custer himself is fully revealed in the story. Brooks has a feeling for the romantic and colorful picture that Custer makes:

> The General rode at the head of his troop, like the splendid horseman and gallant cavalier that he was. In his suit of beaver-fringed buckskin, his big sombrero and his long cavalry boots, he looked every inch the soldier, and needed only the long, floating blond locks that once had swept his shoulders and fixed his personality with the Indians (who called him sometimes "Chief Long Hair" and sometimes the "White Chief with the Yellow Hair") to be the Custer of romance and song, the Custer of the Valley, the Custer of the Grand Review at Washington.

He also manages to capture some of the flavor of Custer's personality by having him quote poetry (Scott's *Lady of the Lake*) and by his cheerful interest in Jack Huntingdon. The bond between the two is established by the fact that Jack's father had served under Custer in the Civil War, a device that is used in many of the novels. Custer writes a letter to the father, and as a result Jack is able to go with the Custer expeditions as an assistant herder. This helpfulness inspires Jack with even greater admiration for Custer: "He could have hugged the General then and there if it had been allowable."

As in all the boys' fiction, the interpretation leans to the pleasant and noncontroversial. Yet Brooks makes use of the political difficulties in which Custer became embroiled to shed light on his personality:

> We know that the great soldier-president misunderstood and misjudged Custer; we know that the dashing cavalry leader, dis-spirited by this misjudgment, acted unwisely, and brought himself into such direct antogonism to his superiors that, for a time at least, he was deprived of his command, and very nearly placed under arrest; we know that his superiors quickly relented their harshness, appreciating Custer's value as an Indian-fighter and the inspiration his pres-

ence meant to his command; but we know also that the wound to his manly pride and womanly sensitiveness, both of which had part in his high sense of honor, rankled, affected him, and led him into an over-zeal that is now history.

Such frank judgments are rare in the early Custer fiction.

Jack Huntingdon himself has an important role in the story, although he is only an assistant herder. Various devices are used to get him into the Sioux camp so he can be an omniscient observer. For example, when he is fighting with Reno in the valley, his horse carries him full tilt into the Indian lines, an historically based incident. He is then saved by Young Wolf in a dramatically improbable episode that reminds one of Mason Pierrepont's escapades in the dime novel. Jack fights on the bluff with Reno and is one of the volunteers who goes for water.

By being an active participant in Custer's campaigns, the boy hero becomes an alter ego to the man hero. Jack is always near Custer, emulating his exploits. He also personifies all the Custerian ideals, for example, the love of animals: "Jack was a lover of all pets—especially dogs—and made himself familiar with the stag-hounds on the daily march, while they, in return, showed their fondness for this active boy." This alter identification is even more obvious when one examines Jack's personal characteristics. He is active and aggressive, an embryo Custer. The following is a typical observation on his character: "Independence sometimes breeds heedlessness, especially in a boy of active and inquisitive temperament, and Jack Huntingdon, as you know, had a pretty fair opinion of his own ability to take care of Jack Huntingdon. He felt himself as wide-awake a scout as any in the troop, and was even disposed to criticize Major Reno as over-cautious." This might be a description of Custer himself, especially the view of Reno.

Thus *Master of the Strong Hearts* incorporates many of the basic elements of the Custer legend: action, courage, manliness, the appeal of the West, the romantic character of Custer himself. In short, Brooks is writing more than just entertainment, he is also writing a lesson in the history of American ideals. The moral is explicitly drawn on the final page, when Jack Huntingdon, who twenty years after the battle is a consulting architect, tells his doctor-friend Young Wolf: "After all, Young Wolf, even death has its compensations, and the memory of General George Armstrong Custer will live as long as the story of American heroism holds him up as one of its brightest examples."

Other novelists followed the Brooks pattern in writing for the juvenile market. Edwin L. Sabin's *On the Plains with Custer* (1913) and Zoa Grace Hawley's *A Boy Rides with Custer* (1938) typify the formula. In both books a fatherly Custer helps the boy hero realize his fondest dreams of adventure on the plains. To the adult eye these boys' novels have an air of unreality. Their picture of frontier military life is one from which all the sordidness and sweat has been removed. Custer's world would appear to have consisted solely of dress blue uniforms, waving flags, and playful dogs. But such literary idealization has helped make Custer one of America's foremost boys' heroes.

Inspiring views of the great general were also to be found in the adult novels by Herbert Myrick, Randall Parish, and Cyrus Townsend Brady, published in the early years of the new century. These books are considerably more disputatious than the juvenile fiction. They draw heavily on Whittaker, especially in criticizing Reno for his failure to rescue Custer. In fact, the long editorial passages and the thinly disguised recapitulations of Whittaker may explain why these novels are all artistic failures.

Myrick's *Cache la Poudre: The Romance of a Tenderfoot in the Days of Custer* (1905) is an awkwardly written story with a conventional plot. It features two New York stockbrokers, the "unprincipled" Henry Rudolph and the "high-minded" Jerome James, both of whom go west and continue their battles for the hand of the heroine and the other goods of this life. Rudolph becomes a frontier desperado, while James enlists in the Seventh Cavalry. James often voices his admiration for the commanding officer, and Myrick inserts many editorial comments: "At this time Custer was furthest from being the dashing, carefree, reckless commander his enemies had represented." Myrick is so anxious to prove this thesis that he goes too far in the opposite direction and makes Custer into a sober and prudent figure who resembles George Washington. Reno is frequently criticized for his cowardice and his tactical errors. Despite the heavy doses of hero-worship, Myrick's interpretation of Custer's character is more interesting than the wooden love scenes between James and the heroine.

Bob Hampton of Placer (1906) by Randall Parish introduces another stock figure who was to become all too familiar to readers of Custer fiction. This was the cashiered officer of the Seventh who attempts to restore his tarnished reputation. Hampton does indeed die with honor on the field after carrying dispatches to Custer, who forgives him for his past sins. In fact, the honor of the regiment and the virtues of its commander are prime themes in the novel. This adulatory attitude leads to a certain imbalance in the historical interpretation. Parish describes the eagerness of the troops on Reno Hill to go to Custer's assistance but does not mention the fact that many of them feared that Custer had abandoned them. And there is no evidence that any officer on the hill said: "Is this the Seventh?—skulking here under cover while Custer begs help?"

The most ambitious of the early novels was Brady's *Britton of the Seventh* (1914). Tony Britton is also a disgraced ex-officer, whose resignation had been caused by his seemingly scandalous relations with another officer's wife. This plot gives Brady a chance to examine the internal politics of the regiment, with Custer dispensing stern justice from above. Britton eventually achieves redemption by serving in the battle as a civilian scout. There is in fact an impossibly melodramatic chapter on the Last Stand, with Custer reading lost love letters and performing other leisurely activities. Again the theme of the general's maturity and levelheadedness is carefully developed. "He was a man of vast experience in military matters, of approved discretion, and he had held large and important commands in the Civil War which had developed his sense of responsibility and his ability to govern." A man with such characteristics could hardly be responsible for the defeat at the Little Big Horn. So once again the finger of blame is pointed at Major Reno.

Brady insists that Custer had a clear-cut plan of attack, and he severely criticizes Reno for failing to support this plan. "Reno in the lead reined in his horse. Fatal indecision. The salvation of all was to press the charge home, madly to gallop on. If the woman who hesitates is lost, what of the soldier? The line wavered a little. There were lions in the line, a stag only in the lead." There follows an elaborate analysis of the battle with further chastisement of the major. He is criticized for the "disgraceful scene" on Reno Hill when he refuses to go to Custer's assistance. Such views faithfully mirror the dominant trend of biographical interpretation in the first third of the century.

The hero-worshipping tradition of the dime novels and the early adult fiction came to an abrupt end in 1934. In that year Frederick F. Van de Water published his Custer biography, *Glory Hunter*. The book exemplified the debunking spirit which affected much of the biographical writing of the period. Van de Water made use of the increasingly popular technique of psychological analysis to draw the portrait of an impetuous and irresponsible egotist. Custer appears as a commander who treated his dogs with more solicitude than he did his men, and who was guilty of nepotism, arrogance, and incompetence. His boyishness, an engaging quality for the dime novelists and juvenile authors, is to Van de Water a cardinal flaw. And since Custer lacked military skill, his demise at the Little Big Horn was simply the long-deferred penalty for incompetent generalship. This unflattering portrait has in the last quarter of a century become the most influential interpretation of Custer.

Van de Water was himself a novelist (*Fool's Errand; Thunder Shield*), and his skill at portraiture produced a memorable interpretation which clearly influenced writers like Harry Sinclair Drago, Ernest Haycox, Will Henry, Clay Fisher, and others. All these novelists stress the same characteristics that Van de Water had—rashness, irresponsibility, and egotism. The question still lively among historians as to whether Custer disobeyed his orders has been answered in the affirmative by all the recent novelists. Usually the characters make statements about Custer's error in dividing the regiment, or there is dialogue in which Reno's men curse Custer for having abandoned them as he had Major Elliot's party at the Washita.

Harry Sinclair Drago's *Montana Road* (1935) is built around the adventures of Stephen Glen, an Indian agent who later serves as a scout with Reno's battalion. The novel would hardly appeal to Custerphiles, for it is laced with frank comments about Custer's shortcomings. The general appears as a temperamental and undisciplined commander who cannot hold the regiment's loyalty. Glen as an eyewitness sees him blunder along to the Little Big Horn, disregarding the advice of his scouts that there are at least twenty-five hundred Indians in the valley. He also hears Reno's troopers curse the boy general for having divided the regiment.

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Christmas on the Plains

Elizabeth Bacon Custer's nostalgic memories of holiday seasons on the frontier

During nearly fifty-seven years of widowhood after the battle of the Little Big Horn in June, 1876, Elizabeth Bacon Custer strove to keep alive and bright the memory of her gallant and daring husband, General George Armstrong Custer. Born in Monroe, Michigan, the daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon, Elizabeth Bacon led a peaceful and sheltered life until 1864 when she married "the boy General with the golden locks." Mrs. Custer followed her husband through the remainder of the Civil War and was near him at Appomattox. After the war she personally attended him during his campaign against the Indians which took her through Texas, Kansas and finally into the Dakota Territory. She slept where she could, drank water that in her own words contained "natural history," and never dared confess to a headache, depression or fatigue. Finally at Fort Abraham Lincoln, near Bismarck, Dakota Territory, Mrs. Custer waited while General Custer joined in what was hoped would be a decisive campaign against the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. After the disaster on the banks of the Little Big Horn where Custer and five troops of the Seventh Cavalry were annihilated, the steamer *Far West* brought the tragic news back to Bismarck.

In 1876, after twelve years of marriage, Elizabeth Bacon Custer was only thirty-four and a widow. With controversy and accusation surrounding her husband's name, she dedicated herself to the task of defending his memory. She lectured up and down the country and battled for his rights in Washington Drawing on her western experience, she wrote of the Indian campaigns in Texas and Kansas in *Tenting on the Plains* (1887) and *Following the Guidon* (1890). Life in Dakota Territory was detailed in *Boots and Saddles* (1885).

Libbie Custer's facile pen yielded few published works beyond these major volumes. However, the energetic and dedicated widow did write her recollections of "Christmas on the Plains." This undated, yellow foolscap manuscript in her own hand and signed "Elizabeth Bacon Custer" ranged over the whole of her western yuletide experience rather than relating a specific Christmas at a particular army post. Recently discovered in the archives of Milwaukee-Downer College, this manuscript apparently was a gift to the college from the late Gardner Stickney, Milwaukee banker, and trustee of the college.

EDITED BY WALTER F. PETERSON FROM AN ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

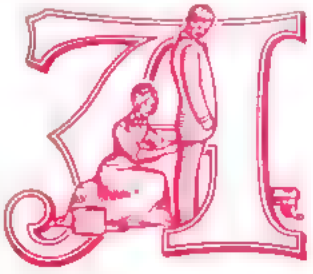
Editing includes additions Mrs. Custer noted in the margins. Otherwise spelling and punctuation remain as they stand in the manuscript

Sometimes I think our Christmas on the frontier was a greater event to us than to any one in the states. We all had to do so much to make it a success. Our ingenuity was taxed to the utmost as we had no tempting shop windows to point out to us by their beguiling beauty what would be 'just the thing' for this or that one. "My brain reels" said one of my pretty friends as she ran her fingers through her bangs in a most reckless manner, furrowed her brow, thus proving that the "reeling" was going on, and I knew that the rapid approach of the 25 of December was the cause. "I have made John a smoking jacket, slippers and all the stereotype presents for men, and last summer while the campaign was keeping our people in the field, I made him a robe-de-nuit that he said was so beruffled and befrilled he knew he would mistake his identity and that if I clothed him in such purple and fine linen --- for I even put in lilac ribbon he would surely take himself for somebody else which meant <u>me</u> --- now what <u>shall</u> I make this year?" This dispair was brought to an end by a happy thought. An old cap was ripped, the visor which had survived the tooth of time was rubbed and oiled into freshness and the "exact copy" we all pronounced equal to the best work of a military hatter. The really difficult part of this work was the insignia of the cross sabres for the cavalry and the number 7 of our regiment, underneath, worked in bullion. The latter was obtained by ripping up a pair of tarnished shoulder straps, turning the golden thread which was still bright on the under side and using it for the new work.

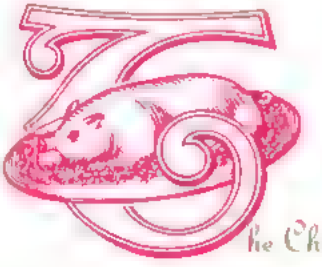
What ever we did we were obliged to concoct

ILLUSTRATED BY TED NAGATA

under very trying circumstances, if we attempted secrecy; for our men were always in and out of the house dozens of times a day. We had no opportunities for long uninterrupted seasons of occupation, as do women in the states where the husband goes to his avocations in the morning and does not appear until six at night. The officers day began at reveilee when they went to roll call, then came stables, guard mounting, inspecting the mess, drill, perhaps court martial duty & dress parade stables again, retreat and tattoo roll call. It will be easily seen that they were flying in and out of their quarters between these various duties all day long. I watched for months a horse's head being stitched into canvas for a sofa pillow. No real horse had a more active life. When the sound of a clanking sabre and the jingle of spurs announced the arrival of the head of the house, the work was rolled in a heap, thrust under a lounge or in a drawer with a celerity that increased with practice; for the quick movements of an active cavalryman necessitate great haste on the part of any one who vied with them in speed.



7th Cavalry bride attempted with great trepidation the manufacture of her first masculine garment, a smoking jacket. It was impossible to make a success without innumerable tryings on, so she impressed the striker (soldier servant) into her service. He was a model of neatness and respect and as he was about the size of his Captain and had little else to do but stand and be fitted, the garment was gradually smoothed into beautiful shape. While the scissors snipped and the needle flew in the busy fingers, the striker stood guard in the hall or on the porch. If he saw his Captain coming home across the parade ground he came to announce the arrival, but should he appear unawares from another direction a lively little tune whistled in the corridor was the warning that sent the jacket flying into the depths of the closet while the little bride, with a conscious blush met her husband at the door trying to look as if holiday presents had never entered her mind.



The Christmas dinner was a feast that required long and earnest search in gathering the materials for its construction. If we chanced to be near a little town - - and few forts on the frontier are without a village just outside the very edge of a government reservation --- no one rode through the place without throwing a calculating glance into every yard or about the door yard of the less pretentious huts. A chicken or duck or turkey was quickly noted and the owner was called out to find a booted and spurred cavalry man at the door who accosted him with the usual frontier salutation "I say stranger" can I engage my Christ-

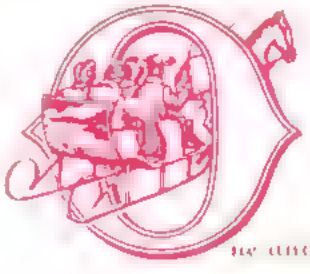
mas dinner of you?

Once we were thrown into a state of envy by one of our officers who surprised us on the long looked for holiday by roast pig. The apple that distented the jaws of the loathsome little animal might well stand for the apple of discord, until we found how much he paid for the "piece de resistance" of his dinner table. Naturally he would have to pay well, for every one out there in that country that was just begun, was anxious to increase their stock. That same dinner, we had as an ingredient of the soup, tiny birds that were delicious. They reminded us forcibly of the nursery rhyme "four and twenty black birds baked in a pie." That winter was extremely cold and there was no sign of insect or animal life on the bleak plains except these hardy little snow birds. The ground about the stables where the horses were fed and groomed was black with this swarming bird life. They were very tame and settled themselves all over the horses. Sometimes an animals back was completely outlined from the ears to the tail with these tiny chattering creatures. But no one had thought until this Christmas feast, of utilizing them.

Though one of the remote garrisons in which we were stationed had enough people within its limits to make a good sized town, there were but three children of officers. The row of houses occupied by the laundresses had the usual ornaments to the front door and steps that is common to the irishman, but the three youngsters in garrison were all the child life we saw and they were idols in their way. One mother gave up from the start trying to celebrate with a Christmas tree, but the other persisted. Not withstanding that even on a summers day we looked as far as the eye could see on the sun burnt grass of the plains without a tree or hardly a twig of green: still the fond mother somehow seemed to believe that should anyone go far enough they would either find an evergreen or else by some necromancy of the 19th century a withered tree would be made to put forth foliage especially for her boy. The child's "paternal" set a detail of men from his company in every direction but no signs of green could be found in that desert land. Then the commanding officer, now deeply interested in the cause, sent another detail of men for a radius of forty miles around the post, but with no success. The soldiers, tired of the tedium of their confined winter life in garrison, without drills, parades or scouts, undertook even more than was required of them, but the search was hopeless.

Still undaunted the doting woman thought out a way. Down by the river a skeleton of what had been a green cotton wood sapling in the summer was

cut the proper height, and fastened upright in a box in the sitting room. The branches of this she covered with green tissue paper and cut leaves out for its sparse foliage. Fortunately there were tapers at the sutlers, for these stores, of which there is one at every post, are like a village shop where the merchant starts out by buying "a little of everything" and as years advance the old time things are shoved back on the shelves or put out of sight for there can be no "clearing out" sales on the borders of civilization. Among this surplus stock a box of the old Noahs ark occupants was unearthed and a few of the wooden toys dating back to the childhood of our oldest officer. The stiff little trees with their verdant tops of curled shavings stained a vivid green were not more prim than the wooden soldiers with the wonderful chest development who grasped rigidly an old time gun; but the little king at this revelry reached just as greedily for the ram rod like soldier as he did for the colored glass balls or the apples bristling with cloves which swayed over his head. If one only considers that we were hundreds of miles from a railroad, that it was the dead of winter and that it was only with the greatest difficulty and even at the risk of life that our mail reached us, it will be understood what obsticles were surmounted to celebrate even a babys holiday.



The universal custom was for all of us to spend all the time we could together. All day long the officers were running in and out of every door the "wish you Merry Christmas" rang out over the parade ground after any man who was crossing to attend to some duty and had not shown up among us. We usually had a sleigh ride and everyone sang and laughed as we sped over the country where there were no neighbors to be disturbed by our gaiety. If it was warm enough there poured out of garrison a cavalcade vehemently talking, gesticulating laughing or humming bars of Christmas carols remembered from childhood, or starting some wild or convivial chorus where everybody announced that they "wouldn't go home till morning" in notes very emphatic if not entirely musical.

The feast of the day over we adjourned from dinner to play some games of our childhood in order to make the states and our homes seem a little nearer. Later in the evening, when the music came up from the band quarters, we all went to the house of the commanding officer to dance.

With a garrison full of perfectly healthful people with a determination to be merry, notwithstanding the isolated life and utterly dreary surroundings, the holidays were made something to look forward to the whole year round.

Moods, Memories, and Mirages

The desert in American magazines

BY WATSON PARKER

It has been said that great religions come out of the deserts, inspired there by the solitude, rigor, and desolation of desert life, and nurtured in the vastness, silence, and mystery which fills such otherwise barren and unproductive wastes.

The Great American Desert has not yet produced its religion, and perhaps it never will, for the mystique of the desert, that curious, romantic, and fanatical zeal which once filled all who touched it, has at last been stilled by the advance of civilization. The prophets no longer cry out in the wilderness; the echoes of their voices are lost in the babble of flowing water, the hum of rubber tires, and the tramp of tourist feet.

The record of the mysticism which the desert bred is nowhere shown more clearly than in the periodical literature of the subject during the past one hundred years. To be sure, such articles also reflect the changing public taste for the bizarre, the polemical, and the didactic, but a close look shows that, while public tastes have changed rapidly, the articles about the desert have not. It is only within the present generation that the romance of the desert has at last been replaced by a frank discussion of desert problems, unmarred, though possibly still tinged, by apostolic fervor.

But what is the Great American Desert? Where is it? What is its essential nature? The answer is that the desert, like the myths which it has created, has varied with the passing years. The writers have placed it where they wanted, from the Mississippi to the Mohave, and defined its characteristics to suit themselves. Once it began in the rolling, treeless prairie west of the ninety-eighth meridian, starting at the cross timbers of Texas and Oklahoma, separated from the fertile lands by the breaks of the Missouri and the Badlands of the Dakotas. Pressed back by determined exploration, it retreated with the Mormons into the Great Basin. Tamed there by irrigation, it fled to the Southwest and to California and Nevada, where as dunes and salt pans, its very defects made it friends. Much of it has been a desert more in the minds of its beholders than in actuality, and as the Great Plains were conquered, the Great Basin moistened, and the sand dunes peopled, the Great American Desert has ceased to be deserted, and its myths have begun to fade.

Yet the desert does not change. It is still there, savage, timeless, and enduring. Beyond the edges of trifling fields made green with unaccustomed water, beyond the thread-like roads which span its vastness, beyond the suburbs and the winter homes, the desert is what it has always been—patient, aloof, desolate, and cruel. It is what it is, and it deceives no man who does not first deceive himself. It is this very self-deception which leaves a mark on those who write about the desert, for there are few whose writings have been purged of wishful thinking, and many whom it has overcome though they were unaware.

Three distinct groups seem to have written about the desert. First were those who in their fashion loved it, for the knowledge which it might give, the wealth it

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might bestow, or the delusions which it fostered. Explorers, geologists, and botanists all came eagerly to the desert to learn the lessons that it could teach. The booster and the speculator followed, eager to profit from rich land, rare water, or real estate. The nature lovers, who cherished the desert for its very strangeness, came early, asked little, stayed long, and wrote often.

The second group, the planners and designers, were a different breed. They saw the opportunity for power and prestige rather than knowledge, wealth, or wonder, in the problems which the desert lands presented; but their thoughts, too, were soon tinged with the desert's rosy self-deception. Critics, quick to blame and slow to praise, soon followed the planners in arrogance and error.

Lastly came the desert dwellers, the first to accept the desert for what it is and to attempt to live with it on its own terms without either undue optimism or extravagant affection. It is perhaps these settlers who may put an end at last to the myths and mysteries of the Great American Desert.

These varied writers—the lovers, the planners, and the dwellers—have of course occasionally mixed their motives, but in the main they have been surprisingly separate, each keeping to his own preserve and paying little attention to the interests of the others: The nature lover has loved, without the hope or need to change the desert; the critic has been content to carp, without providing alternatives; the scientist has stuck to his knowledge, the speculator to his land, and the planner to his project, each without a great deal of interference with the other.

Of all the lovers of the desert, the students of the land were the least susceptible to romantic mysticism. They wrote with an even-handed steadiness which only occasionally flowered into the lyrical or the ornate. An early western traveler, Lieutenant G. K. Warren, writing in 1858, was enthusiastic about Nebraska and saw there hope of a flourishing trade with the Orient along, of all places, the Columbia River. But even he believed that settlement in the West would confine itself to the midwestern river bottoms and end forever at the Badlands and Missouri breaks. The Abbé Domenech, whose volumes were reviewed in *Living Age* in 1860, was another less optimistic observer. His pronouncement that "the malediction of heaven seems to weigh heavily on the solitude [around Salt Lake] which reminds one of the desolate shores of the Dead Sea where Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed" is nevertheless apparently intended to be descriptive rather than prophetic. In 1902 Frederick Colville described in scholarly detail the methods by which desert plants obtained and retained their water supply. His description of how the barrel cactus might be tapped for drinking water set a precedent which subsequent writers have diligently followed, and one may well wonder that any of these interesting plants have escaped their thirsty experimentation. Ernest Ingersoll's "Plant Life in the Desert," which appeared in *Harper's* in 1905, presented a surprisingly scholarly account of the way in which plants had adapted themselves to desert life and the way in which Nature, the perfect economist, "turns to advantage all elements and situations." This scholarly trend was continued in the *National Geographic's* 1910 "Notes on the Deserts of the United States and Mexico," which unfortunately was marred by an overlong discussion of the miseries of dying of thirst. R. J. Pool, writing in *Popular Science* in 1912 on the Nebraska sand hills was methodical as long as he stuck to vegetation but overly enthusiastic when he said that " 'a square deal for all,' was the motto that the knights of this grassy kingdom wrote across their breasts," an observation in which the sand hill settlers might not entirely concur. A. T. Sweet, unlike most of *Nature Magazine's* offerings, wrote quite dispassionately in 1934 about the way in which desert plants revealed the soil and moisture conditions of the land. By 1935, J. W. Hoover could write matter-of-factly in *Science Monthly* regarding the way in which the desert climate had influenced southwestern home design. In short, there has always been a considerable amount of writing which did not allow itself to get carried away by romanticism, even though it was generally rather florid and enthusiastic.

Less restrained lovers than the scientists, however, were the speculators and the boosters, who, like the poor who follow them, are with us always. A prime example is F. H. Spearman, who in 1888 declared to the readers of *Harper's* that growing population and increasing rainfall had eliminated the Great American Desert for good. W. F. G. Shanks, in 1892 wrote for *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* that "It [the desert] no longer exists . . . its dry and arid surface has been watered into a richly productive soil, until we see here a garden spot of the continent, rather than its Sahara." In 1905 Frank W. Blackmar traced what he called the "myth of

the desert" from Jefferson to the present, and, while admitting that the desert still existed, pointed out that irrigation and settlement would soon remove it. It is noteworthy, however, that his article was published in the *Transactions* of the Kansas State Historical Society, a publication presumably unlikely to disparage the agricultural possibilities of the Great Plains. In 1914 F. Lockley, writing in *Overland* of the land "Where Water is King," spoke in glowing terms of alfalfa production, and the profits to be made on hogs and cattle fattened upon it. From 1914 to 1961 there appears to have been a hiatus in literary desert boosting, but it burst out in full flower again in Neil Morgan's *Esquire* article "The Adult West," which portrayed the arid lands as the last refuge of youth, tolerance, and opportunity. If charitably inclined, one may attribute these writers' glowing eulogies to the mystic influence of the desert about which they wrote so well. Less charitably, their remarks may be credited to their ignorance, mendacity, or salesmanship; for it is hard to believe that so much enthusiasm was entirely devoid of self-interest.

If the boosters of the desert were overly enthusiastic, the nature lovers were apoplectic. Among this legion of the woodsy-folksy, the fabled writers of the purple prose, is found the bland assumption that no one can possibly understand or appreciate the desert as the writer does. Their writings are mystical, didactic, poetic, and unbelievable.

This school of desert appreciation got a late start and did not flourish until after the turn of the century. In 1903 Mary Austin took a deep breath and told the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* that "for all the toll the desert takes of man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars." Sharlot M. Hall continued the work of eulogy in *Out West* in 1905, saying that "no cherry tree of Japan is more fairy-like, more delicately exquisite, than the palo verde in its spring robe of golden frost flakes." The same year A. C. Simkins in *Chamber's Journal* voiced the pet conceit of the nature lovers: "Unless he has dwelt in it he cannot understand that, sunscorched and awe-inspiring as it appears, the desert has so great an attraction for many that they would refuse to live elsewhere." L. W. Beck, in an interview with an old-timer in 1916, told a romantic story of thirst, mirage, and reptile for the readers of *Outlook*. Old-timers have always been a favorite vehicle of desert lore. One gets the impression that some of these bearded worthies must have found nearly full-time employment among the cacti, happily engaged in the manufacture of local color. In 1940 Donald Culross Peattie, placing the Great American Desert in the Great Basin, declared in the *New York Times Magazine* that "no troubles last upon the desert," a revelation not previously vouchsafed to the inhabitants of that region.

In 1954 Joseph Wood Krutch, a perennial writer on the desert, in the *Saturday Review* praised the health-giving properties of dry air, heat, and solitude, and the "heroism of endurance" which these encouraged. Harry C. James, writing for *Nature Magazine* in 1955, expressed dismay that the desert was used as a wasteland for army maneuvers and as a dump for military refuse. Speaking of a walk he had taken with some friends, he bitterly complained that "we saw not a single lizard." He also commended the efforts of one desert naturalist to set up a ten-acre tortoise preserve. All through these writings one finds the common self-deception that "no one understands or loves the desert as *I* do," and unstinted indulgence in rich and ornamental prose.

It is not only the nature lovers, the boosters, and the knowledge seekers, however, whose writings are tinged with desert madness. The planners and designers also write as if no truth was truth but theirs, no revelation valid but their own.

Beginning with Major John Wesley Powell, whose articles in *Century* in 1890 condemned western land laws and called for large-scale regional planning, one is struck by the number of desert planners whose positions and prestige were likely to be enhanced if their proposals were carried out. E. H. Newell, calling for reclamation projects in 1903, pointed out that western settlement would be impossible without them, but not that he would lose his job if reclamation was abandoned. Herbert Quick, in 1906, boosting a system of dry farming, hoped to make bountiful those arid lands which receive no more than a parched twelve inches of rainfall annually. C. J. Blanchard, whose duties in the Bureau of Reclamation gave him both zeal and knowledge, could subtitle a 1909 article in the *National Geographic* "Homes Are Being Made for Millions of People in the Arid West" and call for dams and projects to create both western homes and eastern markets in "our land of mystery and enchantment, where nature has painted the landscape with rainbow's hues." Raphael Zon, of the Forest

Service, in the same year and magazine, called for "a thorough survey of the lands in the United States with a view to determining the best use to which various classes could be put." Ellsworth Huntington, eager to boost his Arizona desert laboratory, pointed out in 1911 the value which lay in research to adapt new crops to desert lands. H. C. Cowles in 1914 suggested a similar effort to discover native plants which might be profitable desert crops. In 1937 a Canadian, Terry Rowe, among many others, called for action to control and reclaim the spreading dust bowl. In 1945 Robert M. Glendinning, in a study of the Boulder Dam area, praised the benefits which the mere presence of so huge a project brought to the region around it and pointed out how much it had done, in addition, for the farming community for which the dam provided water. It remained, however, for Paul B. Sears to present in *Science* what was probably the most unsavory approach to desert problems, calling for matters of public policy "where verifiable physical knowledge is involved . . . to be referred to impersonal, disinterested, and competent boards of scientists." He believed that discussion of reclamation policy was futile and that only science should make the decisions involved. Where he proposed to find competent men who were disinterested and how he hoped to insure their impersonal handling of the problems presented to them was, unfortunately, wrapped in the mystery which surrounds so much of the planners' writing about the desert. Angus M. Woodbury, writing about "The Colorado Dam Controversy" in *The Scientific American* in 1956 shared Sears' enthusiasm for "scientific settlement," saying that "trying to decide these values on the basis of political bias is about as sensible as using the ballot to determine whether two and two make four." It is this ability to provide great and complex problems with solutions which are simple, vehement, and wrong, which typifies the planners' views on the desert.

The critics were as passionate as the planners. In 1879 George W. Julian, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, condemned the methods the government used to survey, distribute, and administer the homesteads of the Far West, which, he maintained, gave the best land to speculators and retarded honest settlement. Z. E. Black in 1912 disputed the value of research to develop desert crops, maintaining that native plants, properly selected, could do a better job. *The Nation* in 1936 criticized overgrazing of the western public range lands, claiming that it would be a thousand years before an acre of the land so denuded could support even a jackrabbit. In 1955 P. Meigs, also in *The Nation*, called the whole irrigation program into question when he said that irrigation was "an uneconomical use of water in the desert, since the same amount could support sixty times as many people if used for industry. . . ." In 1957 Walter Prescott Webb, in a famous article for *Harper's*, termed the American West a perpetual mirage, doomed forever to boom in the wet years, and thirst in the dry. In 1961 Charles F. Cooper, in *The Scientific American*, hinted at a possible fallacy in western Forest Service policy, asking in effect how the ancient and magnificent stands of timber which the Forest Service so jealously protects ever grew without their sheltering bureaucracy. In short, the critics were as vociferous as the planners, and although their criticisms were rarely constructive, their jeremiads were often pertinent and always lively.

Realistic treatment of desert problems began early but did not reach its peak until after the second World War. In 1909 W. C. Mendenhall's calm description of the Salton Sink was nearly unique in its lack of thirsty prospectors, glowing sunsets, and barrel cacti. In 1923, however, *Current Opinion* could surmise as mere news, that "the present phase of growth of the northern desert band is only the slow swing of a long-period pendulum." Ralph C. Morris' scholarly article "The Notion of a Great American Desert East of the Rockies," appeared in 1926 in *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, and except for his classification of the whole concept of an American desert as a myth, presented an unemotional history of the Great Plains. In 1955 conferences on dry lands were reported in *Scientific American* with no more fervor than news of other meetings, while the present-day spate of articles on desert living, desert vacations, and desert reclamation, all seem devoid of the prophetic enthusiasm which has hitherto characterized much of such writing.

Writing about the desert has not yet completely gotten away from the messianic. Old enthusiasms still blaze out upon occasion, fanned by the breath of mystery which lingers in unknown regions and by the immensity of the problems which the deserts still present. It may be, if man's attempts to dominate the Great American Desert fail, that the old fanaticism will spring up again and new prophets spread abroad their fervent messages. On the other hand, if man has at last learned to live with

the desert, satisfied with what it can consistently offer, enjoying its virtues, and innured to its faults, the writings on the desert may in time become like those on any other area, no longer colored by romantic self-deception but enhanced rather than disfigured by the vastness, mystery, and beauty which is America's desert heritage.

Few scholarly journals were consulted for this paper, the attempt being to present the popular rather than the learned reading on the matter. Those interested, however, should pay particular attention to Ralph C. Morris' extremely useful "The Notion of a Great American Desert East of the Rockies," in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XII (September, 1926), 190–200. Also of interest to anyone wishing to skim quickly over the subject are the many desert articles in the *National Geographic Magazine*. Most of the other articles referred to can easily be discovered in the appropriate *Reader's Guides to Periodical Literature*, and in cases where direct quotations have been used, or where the source or opinion seemed of more than ordinary interest, the name and year of the periodical has been supplied in the text.

Custer in Fiction *continued*

Bugles in the Afternoon (1944) by Ernest Haycox is one of the best historical Westerns ever written, and probably the best novel about the Seventh Cavalry. The plot is that of the disgraced officer who returns to the regiment as an enlisted man in an attempt to redeem himself. The pattern of interpretation follows Van de Water, with many of the episodes supporting a characterization of Custer as a glory-seeker whose hunger for applause leads to gross errors of judgment. For example, use is made of Custer's statement to Captain Ludlow that he intended to "pull away from Terry." Similar ideas are echoed by the enlisted men: " 'There's Terry to hold him down,' said Hines. 'He'll do as he did before with Stanley. He'll listen to orders and march away and disobey 'em.' "

Haycox at times seems to load his characterization too heavily against Custer. "He could be harsh and brutal for the sake of a soldierly ideal, but there was no gentle insight in him, no compassion, no deep sympathy." This is straight Van de Water doctrine, but some of Custer's comments in *My Life on the Plains* do reveal compassion, and his letter to the sculptress Vinnie Ream Hoxie does indicate insight. *

Custer's requiem, which Haycox has General Terry frame, is characteristic of much recent interpretation: "He knew, as he stood so gravely here upon the scene of defeat, how that defeat had come about. His trap, designed to snap shut, had been prematurely set off by the impetuous disregard of General Custer of his orders; wanting glory and blindly believing in himself and his regiment, Custer had not waited; the power of waiting was not in him." This is an interpretation which the novelists of the pre-Van de Water period would have indignantly rejected.

Will Henry's *No Survivors* (1950) utilizes the tested fictional device of a white renegade among the Indians. In this case the central figure is Colonel John Clayton, a former Confederate officer who becomes a Sioux squaw man and warrior. Clayton deserts the Indians at the last moment and attempts to warn Custer that a trap has been set for him. Custer does not take the warning, and his stubbornness provokes some strong editorial comment: "He must be held personally responsible before the bar of history for what followed. In the light of what did follow, the charges could be no less than criminal negligence, dereliction of duty, professional incompetence, and moral guilt of murder—all in search of personal glorification and aggrandizement."

The changed view of Custer in turn calls for a revised estimate of Major Reno. Henry explains that Reno's retreat to the bluffs was not a cowardly withdrawal, but was the only move which could have saved his command from a fate similar to Custer's. And Custer in fact dictates a statement of responsibility for the disaster, witnessed by Clayton who is in at the Last Stand. So in this novel the general is permitted to achieve some redemption for his tragic flaws.

The changing nature of the Custer legend is related not only to the impact of Van de Water's book but also to the more sympathetic view of the Indians. The pro-Indian cycle dating from Helen Hunt Jackson's *A*

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* See Custer's statement about the Washita campaign in *My Life on the Plains* (New York, 1874), 159, and his touching letter to Mrs. Hoxie reprinted in Jay Monaghan, *Custer* (Boston, 1959), 333.

Century of Dishonor (1881) has affected all writers on the West. Novelists as well as historians have generally downgraded Custer's character and military reputation. In Clay Fisher's *Yellow Hair* (1954), these critical views are voiced by the chief character, Josh Kelso, a mountain man who falls in love with the Cheyenne woman Monahseetah. Sympathy for the Indians is gradually built up as the love affair between these two progresses. Custer is characterized as a "vain-crazy Indian-killer" whose Washita campaign is marked by deceit and deliberate cruelty. Black Kettle, on the other hand, is depicted as a peace-loving chief whose attempts to surrender are rebuffed because of Custer's desire for a glorious military victory. In fact, Custer's defects are so numerous that he becomes something of an abstraction in the novel. Many of his actual characteristics, most notably his sense of humor, are overlooked.

The startling reversal of roles between Custer and Black Kettle has been matched by a similar change in the Custer-Reno relationship. In Kenneth Shiflet's *Convenient Coward* (1961), Reno is the hero and Custer the arch-villain. Reno gets all the good lines in this novel, being allowed to explain on more than one occasion why Custer was such a poor soldier. Custer oppresses Reno at every opportunity, denying him a leave of absence when his wife is dying, upbraiding him for flushing but not bagging the Indians on the Rosebud, and humiliating him on the march to the Little Big Horn. Custer is depicted as an unstable and egotistical neurotic, whose errors of tactical judgment take better men to their deaths. Shiflet offers a lengthy explanation of why Reno became the scapegoat for Custer's mistakes by means of a speech from Lyman Gilbert:

> It is mostly the ones who talk or write, like our friend Whittaker. The minority. The talkative, unknowledgeable minority, those who don't know anything about the battle or don't try to know the truth. . . . This talkative minority needed a coward to blame it on. . . . It's the classic all-world way of excusing everyone's small or large guilt or responsibility. Find someone to be the coward and if you can't find one *make* one. . . . You fitted their qualifications because you were the senior officer left alive and you kept to yourself and couldn't do much talking back. . . . You don't have a raft of well-entrenched friends. You were convenient. That's the most important qualification, Marcus. You were so damned convenient. It doesn't matter that you are not a coward; you conveniently will do.

Novelists who interpret the characters of the Old West are especially addicted to this kind of special pleading, on one side or the other. And Custer seems to have inspired the maximal amount of editorializing. Reading Custer novels is not only an exercise in historical imagination, it is also an experience in impassioned argumentation.

Thus literary interpretation changes when historical interpretation does. In biography the heroic tradition stemming from Whittaker gave way after 1934 to the "debunking" approach of Van de Water. The Custer novels have perfectly mirrored this shift. The calm, mature, and wholly admirable Custer of Myrick and Brady was replaced by the petulant and self-seeking neurotic sketched by Henry and Fisher. Only one body of Custer literature has been untouched by this change, and that is boys' fiction. Here Custer remains essentially as Whittaker drew him in 1876, a blameless paragon with only minor blemishes. While adults become aware of the complexities of Custer's career, to a boy he is the same beloved "Autie" known to our grandfathers.

The West through Salt Spray

Rebirth of a Classic

BY JOHN HASKELL KEMBLE

From a painting owned by Judge Paul Swift Hamalabe Mus

One of the best books describing the West in the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century was written by a sailor

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., 1840

He was Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and the book is *Two Years before the Mast.* Best known as a classic account of life at sea in American ships in the era just before that of the clippers, its bearing on western America is equally important. Dana spent a year and a half beating up and down the coast of California, calling at the ports and landings from San Diego to San Francisco. He not only met Mexicans, Spaniards, Russians, and Polynesians, but also saw and knew American merchants, trappers, adventurers, and beachcombers. His account of this farthest American frontier a decade before it became a part of the United States is justly famous.

At the beginning of his junior year at Harvard College, Dana suffered a case of measles which left his eyes in such bad condition that he had to drop out of college for the academic year. Bored and frustrated by inactivity at home, he determined to go on a long sea voyage, ostensibly in order to give his eyes a chance to recover but doubtless also for the opportunity for travel and adventure which this break in the course of college routine offered. He obtained a berth as ordinary seaman in the brig *Pilgrim* owned by Bryant, Sturgis & Company of Boston, bound on a trading voyage to the California coast. The events which followed on the passage out in the *Pilgrim;* the sixteen months spent in collecting hides for the shoe factories of Massachusetts at San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco; Dana's transfer to the ship *Alert*, owned by the same firm; and his voyage home are all the subject of *Two Years before the Mast.*

Returning home in excellent physical shape, Dana graduated from Harvard with the Class of 1837 and entered law school in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the early part of 1838, when he was twenty-three years old, he began to write a narrative of his voyage to California. Dana had kept a brief record of the movements of the ship and of events in a pocket notebook on the voyage

itself. According to his son's later account, he transferred these into a more complete journal at times of leisure aboard ship. The trunk containing this journal, as well as clothing and other belongings, was lost between the wharf in Boston and the Dana home in Cambridge when he returned on the *Alert* in September, 1836.

When he set about writing in 1838, therefore, Dana's principal purpose was doubtless to reconstruct the lost journal. Upon reading it to his father and to his uncle, Washington Allston, however, they advised him to try to have it published. He wrote later that he aimed at publication not so much with the expectation that it would benefit his literary reputation or his pocketbook but because it might be the means of bringing him some law practice related to maritime affairs, and because he believed "it would also do something to enlighten the public as to the real situation of common seamen in the merchant service."

Apparently the writing of the major part of the manuscript occupied about a year. He had finished it except for the preface and concluding chapter in January, 1839. At the same time he had been carrying on his law studies. Except for the notebook already mentioned and the possible use of some letters which he had written home while he was in California, Dana wrote entirely from memory. The completed manuscript ran to 308 pages, and all internal evidence points to the conclusion that Dana made but one draft and that it was this original version, albeit with a good many interlineations and deletions, which he submitted to the publisher.

In an autobiographical sketch which he wrote in 1842 at the time he began the practice of keeping a daily journal, he said of *Two Years before the Mast:*

> As the occurrences of this voyage are given in full in my published book, I shall not go over them here. Yet well do I know that many things are omitted there from necessity, though nothing is there given which I did not believe to be strictly true. From that book I studiously kept out most of my reflections, & much of the wickedness which I was placed in the midst of. These I have no inclinations to go over again. The dangers to a young man's moral purity, & to his nicer sentiments, as well as to his manners, are more to be dreaded in such a life, than gales, mast-heads & yard-arms.[1]

The year 1839 must have been busy for Dana. He was not only carrying on his work in law school, a course which he finished in March, 1840, when he entered the Boston law office of Charles G. Loring, but he also acted as instructor in elocution at Harvard College from January, 1839, until February of the next year. The manuscript was submitted to a publisher, Harper & Brothers of New York, in May, 1839. Dana wrote that he tried Harpers first because he hoped for a wide circulation rather than because he thought they would pay him well if they accepted it at all. He was right in this. Harpers accepted the manuscript, and Dana had it back for revision the month after it was submitted. They paid him only $250 for it, however, and not until the copyright reverted to him in 1868 did Dana realize anything further from the large American sales of the book.

The completed manuscript went to Harpers on February 21, 1840, at which time he selected the title, *Two Years before the Mast*. At first he gave it the subtitle, *Being a Narrative of a voyage to the Pacific Ocean*, but this was subsequently rejected in favor of *A personal narrative of life at sea*. Dana insisted that the final proof sheets be sent to him, and it was at this point that a number of changes were made in the text which are not shown in the manuscript but which appear in the printed text. The compositor may also have had a hand in some

[1] Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *An autobiographical sketch (1815–1842)*. Edited by Robert F. Metzdorf with an Introduction by Norman Holmes Pearson (Hamden, Conn., 1953), pp. 65–66.

From a watercolor by William Meyers, U.S.N., 1842. Courtesy The Bancroft Library

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

From a watercolor by William Meyers, U.S.N., 1843. Courtesy The Bancroft Library

ANGEL ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

From a watercolor by William Meyers, U.S.N., 1842. Courtesy The Bancroft Library

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

From a watercolor by William Meyers, U.S.N., 1843. Courtesy The Bancroft Library

HIDE HOUSES AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The color plates and other illustrative material reproduced in this article is from the 1964 edition of Two Years before the Mast *by Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles*

of these changes. In September, 1840, the book was published in Harper's Family Library, a series of small, low-priced volumes.

Two Years before the Mast was an instant success, and Harpers reissued it repeatedly over the next twenty years. It was also published in England in 1840, and translations soon appeared on the Continent. The book has never been out of print since it appeared, and the total number of copies printed and sold in the lifetime of the book must number over half a million.

Dana's book has meant many things to its readers. Its early popularity resulted from the excellence of the narrative, and this has continued to be the great attraction of the book. Many readers have regarded the book as a work of social criticism, probably more so than Dana intended. There are points, especially the famous flogging episode, which have led some to regard *Two Years before the Mast* as a sort of maritime *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. This it certainly is not, and while Dana was interested in depicting the life of the seaman in the American merchant marine and the despotic power wielded by the ship's master, he recognized the necessity for this power and his recommendations for the improvement of the lot of the foremast hand were of the mildest. Later in its career, the book came to be regarded mainly as juvenile fare, an adventure story for boys, and even as a work of fiction. The person interested in the history of California may be impatient with the two-thirds of the book devoted to the voyage from Boston to the Pacific Coast and back again. By the same token, the maritime enthusiast finds the splendid descriptions of wind and weather and the sea and ships far more moving than fandangoes and hide collecting. Probably because of its multiplicity of appeals, *Two Years before the Mast* has with the passing years assumed an increasingly secure position among the classics of American letters.

The task of preparing a new edition of the book brings out clearly the stages through which it has passed from Dana's pocket notebook to the twentieth century. It is possible to see something of Dana's manner of composition, later changes in the manuscript, and still later alterations in the printed editions of the book.

To illustrate these stages of development, a passage has been selected which describes events in February, 1836, shortly before the ship *Alert*, in which Dana was then serving, began to load for her voyage home. In a series of facsimile reproductions, the pages covering this period are presented here. These include (A) the notebook which Dana kept on the voyage, (B) the expanded journal which he wrote in 1838 and 1839 and which formed the text of *Two Years before the Mast*, (C) the 1840 edition, and (D) the new edition which has just been completed. There are interesting variations in these.

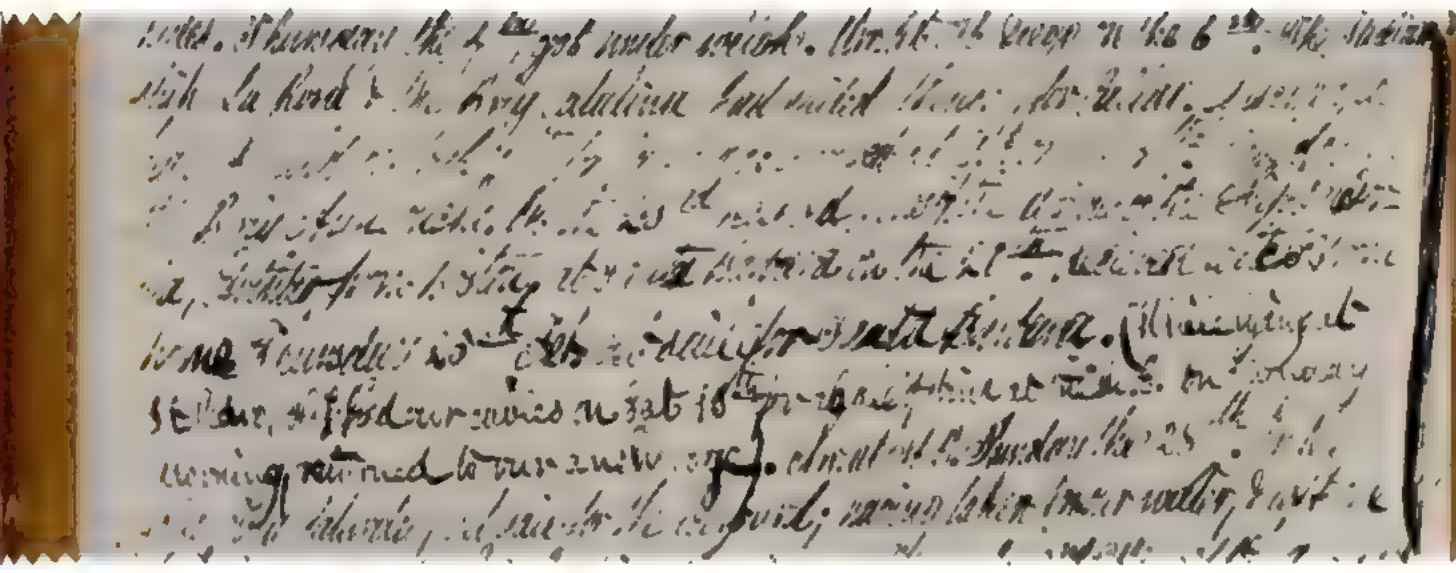
(A) *Transcribed, the original notebook reads: "Discharged hides and sailed (from San Diego) Wed 10th (February 1836) for San Pedro, arrived at San Pedro on the 14th. Passed on the (way) Brig Ayacucho. On the 23rd received news of the arrival of the Ship California, Arthur, from Boston, at Santa Barbara on the 20th. Received letters from home. Thursday 25th Feb. Set sail for Santa Barbara. (While lying at St. Pedro, slipped our cables on Sat. 19th for a gale of wind at the N.E. On Monday morning, returned to our anchorage.)"*

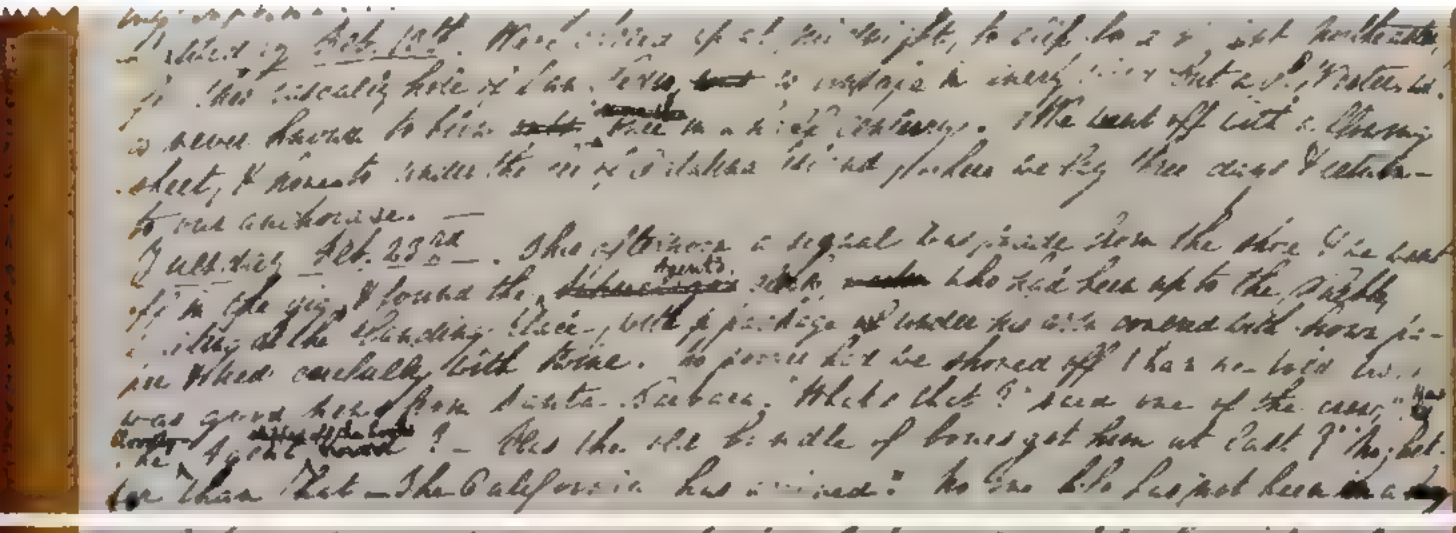
(B) *The expanded journal for February 1836 which formed the text of* Two Years before the Mast.

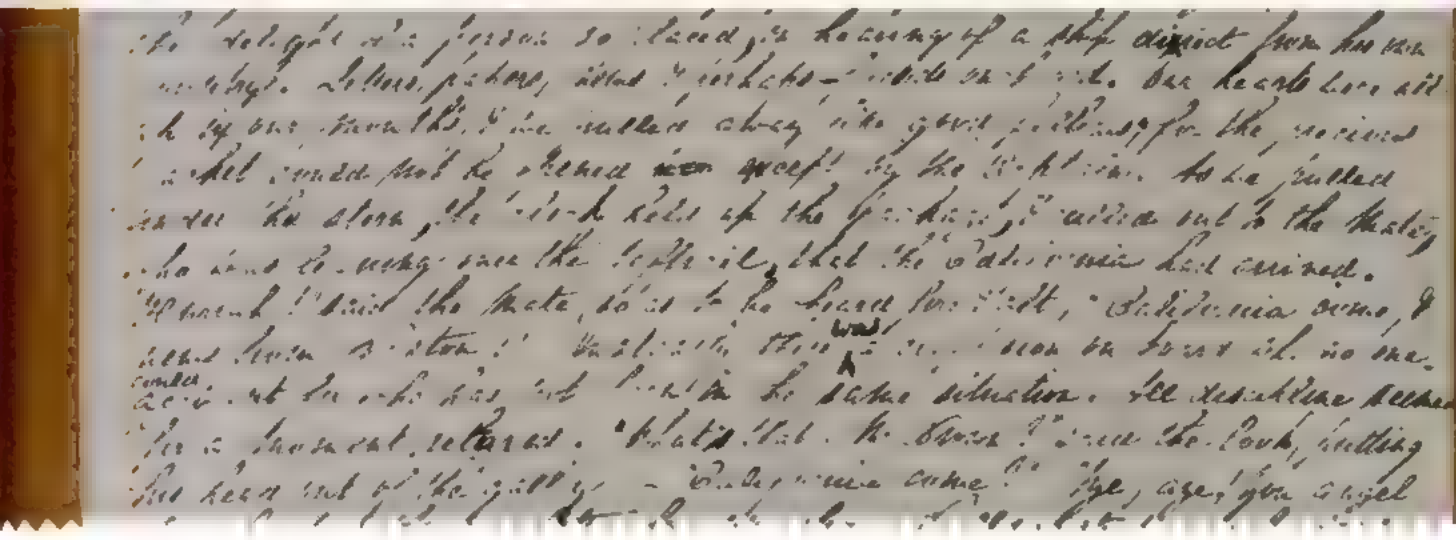
In the manuscript of the book, Dana expanded his notebook account considerably. Before it went to press, however, he made some changes in a passage describing his delight at receiving news from home while he was on the distant California coast. Later, either Dana himself or a compositor—probably Dana—removed this passage altogether so that it did not appear in the text as published in 1840. When Dana recovered control of the book, he made some revisions before the 1869 edition was issued. These consisted mainly of corrections of slips in the earlier version and in general were less significant than changes made prior to printing in 1840.

The new edition of *Two Years before the Mast** has been prepared with a view to showing the main stages in the growth of the book and still providing a readable text. Although the 1840 edition is taken as the basis, passages, phrases, or even single words which appeared in the manuscript and which seem to illumine or enliven

* Notes by John Haskell Kemble, original art by Robert A. Weinstein, and published in two highly illustrated volumes by the Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1964.





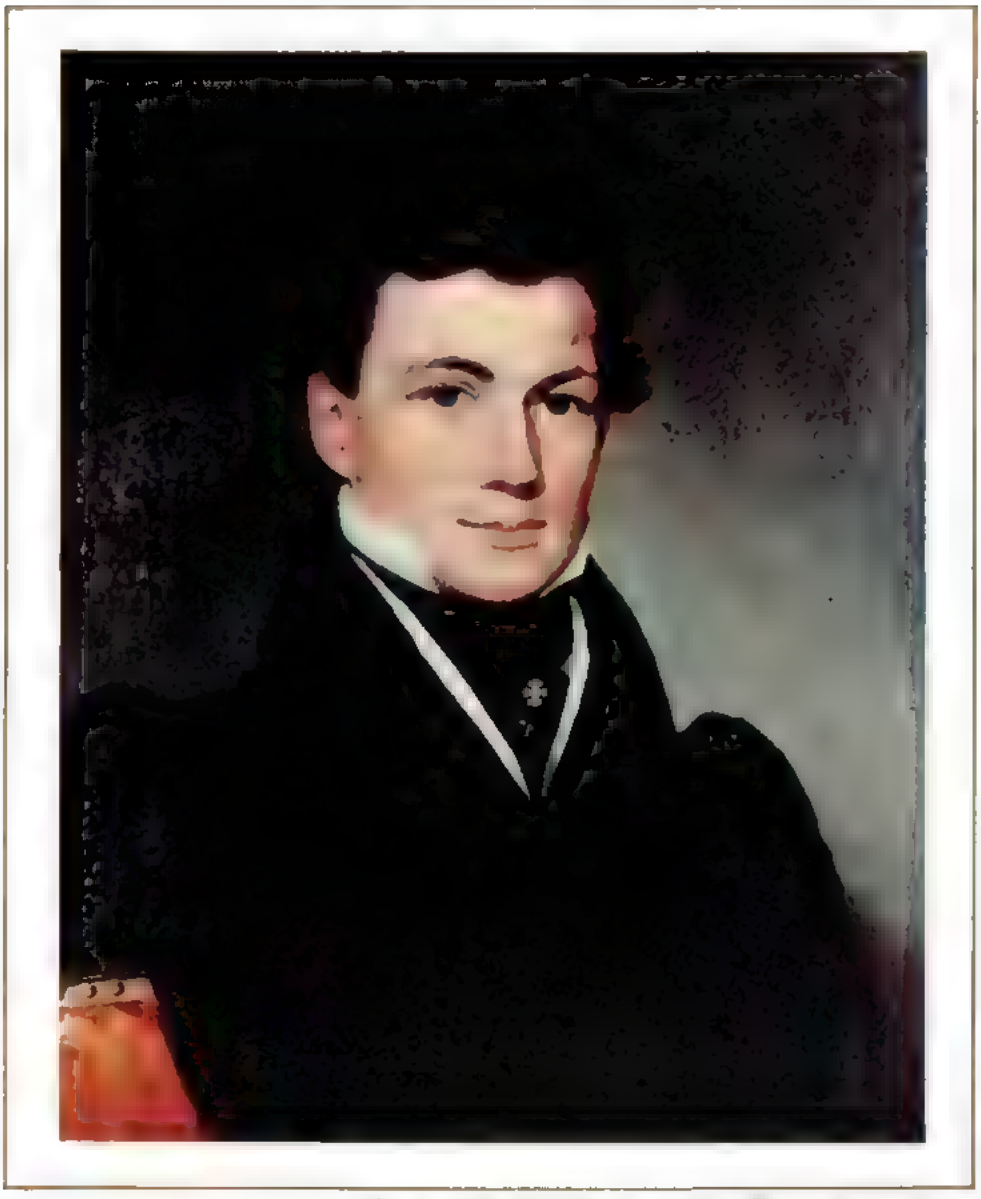


From the Wharton D. Phelps Journal. Courtesy Houghton Library, Harvard University

THE SHIP ALERT OFF CAPE HORN

From a sketch by Walter Mentzel, U.S.N., 1845. Courtesy The Bancroft Library

COSTUMES IN CALIFORNIA



From a copy of a painting Courtesy Peabody Museum Salem Mass

CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. THOMPSON, MASTER, BRIG **PILGRIM**

airs, and enjoyed the joke as much as any one: for a man must take a joke among sailors. He gave us the whole account of his adventures in the country,—roguery and all—and was very entertaining. He was a smart, unprincipled fellow, was at the bottom of most of the rascally doings of the country, and gave us a great deal of interesting information in the ways of the world we were in.

Saturday, Feb. 13th. Were called up at midnight to slip for a violent north-easter, for this rascally hole of San Pedro is unsafe in every wind but a south-wester, which is seldom known to blow more than once in a half century. We went off with a flowing sheet, and hove-to under the lee of Catalina island, where we lay three days, and then returned to our anchorage.

Tuesday, Feb. 23d. This afternoon, a signal was made from the shore, and we went off in the gig, and found the agent's clerk, who had been up to the pueblo, waiting at the landing-place, with a package under his arm, covered with brown paper and tied carefully with twine. No sooner had we shoved off than he told us there was good news from Santa Barbara. "What's that?" said one of the crew; "has the bloody agent slipped off the hooks? Has the old bundle of bones got him at last?"—"No; better than that. The California has arrived." Letters, papers, news, and, perhaps—friends, on board! Our hearts were all up in our mouths, and we pulled away like good fellows; for the precious packet could not be opened except by the captain. As we pulled under the stern, the clerk held up the package, and called out to the mate, who was leaning over the taffrail, that the California had arrived.

(C) *A facsimile page from the original 1840 edition showing changes made from the manuscript to the printed version.*

(D) *A parallel page from the 1964 edition of Dana's classic. The lines and words printed in brown ink are the restored passages from the original manuscript which were deleted in the 1840 edition.*

the narrative have been restored. By the use of two colors of ink—black for the 1840 text and brown for the manuscript additions—a smoothly flowing narrative has been preserved, and yet the reader can tell at a glance the source of the words he sees. In the same edition, the pocket journal is published, together with other related materials.

In comparison with many books, *Two Years before the Mast* and the evolution of its text are simple and uncomplicated. This fits with the character of the narrative itself. The straightforward, lively recounting of the experiences of a college undergraduate in the forecastles of American sailing ships and on the rugged coast of California is the factor above all which makes this one of the really great statements for other times and other places of a departed era of American life.

The manuscript of *Two Years before the Mast*, together with the pocket notebook and letters written home from California by Dana, is in the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston. There are other family papers in Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Probably the best collection of copies of *Two Years before the Mast*, including the 1869 edition with annotations in Dana's hand for a possible later edition, are in the Houghton Library, Harvard University Library, Cambridge.

in the waist for some time, hoping to be asked down with the officers, but they went below, one after another, and left him. His next chance was with the carpenter and sailmaker, and he lounged round the after hatchway until the last had gone down. We had now had fun enough out of him, and taking pity on him, offered him a pot of tea, and a cut at the kid, with the rest, in the forecastle. He was hungry, and it was growing dark, and he began to see that there was no use in playing the *caballéro* any longer, and came down into the forecastle, put into the "grub" in sailor's style, threw off all his airs, and enjoyed the joke as much as any one: for a man must take a joke among sailors. He gave us the whole account of his adventures in the country,—roguery and all—and was very entertaining. He was a smart, unprincipled fellow, was at the bottom of most of the rascally doing of the country, and gave us a great deal of interesting information in the ways of the world we were in.

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"Hurrah!" said the mate, so as to be heard fore and aft; "California come, and news from Boston!"

Instantly there was a confusion on board which no one could account for who has not been in the same situation. All discipline seemed for a moment relaxed.

About the Authors

Lewis O. Saum *received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Missouri and is now assistant professor of American history at Southwest Missouri State College. The American West and social and intellectual history comprise Dr. Saum's major field of historical study. He has recently finished a book-length manuscript on the fur trader and the Indian.*

C. Gregory Crampton, *associate editor of* The American West, *is professor of history at the University of Utah where he teaches courses on the American West and Latin America. From 1957 to 1963 he supervised a field program of historical salvage for the National Park Service in the canyon country of the Colorado River now covered by Lake Powell. He is the author of eight books, several on historical salvage in the field, and of a number of articles covering a wide range of subjects.*

Philip Durham, *associate professor of English at UCLA, has written many studies of popular American culture and its dispersion and influence. He is the author not only of a number of articles on American fiction but also co-author of* American Fiction in Finland *and* Down These Mean Streets a Man Must Go: Raymond Chandler's Knight.

Everett L. Jones *is supervisor of the freshman English testing and placement program at UCLA. He has been an advertising promotion writer for* The Architectural Forum *and* Fortune, *a technical editor for the United States Navy, and is author or co-author of ten textbooks.*

W. J. Granberg, *former newspaperman, radio news commentator and free-lance correspondent, is a magazine writer in Seattle, Washington. Author of several boys' books, including* Voyage into Darkness, *he will publish this year* The World of Joseph Pulitzer.

Kent L. Steckmesser *is an assistant professor of history at Los Angeles State College, with a particular research interest in the western hero. He has published articles in* Western Folklore *and* The Wisconsin Magazine of History. *His book,* Western Hero in History and Legend, *is to be published by the University of Oklahoma Press.*

Walter F. Peterson *received his Ph.D. degree at the State University of Iowa and has been associate professor of history and chairman of the social science division at Milwaukee-Downer College. After completing a history of the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, he will join the Lawrence College faculty.*

Donald E. Worcester, *currently serving as chairman of the department of history at Texas Christian University and managing editor of the* Hispanic American Historical Review, *has been national president of Phi Alpha Theta and a visiting professor at the University of Madrid. He is author or co-author of twelve books, and has published about fifteen articles.*

Watson Parker, *originally from Chicago, spent several of his younger years running a summer resort in the Black Hills, after which he decided to pursue history as his preferred field. He moved to the University of Oklahoma where he is currently working on his doctoral dissertation on the Black Hills' gold rush.*

John Haskell Kemble *received his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of California, Berkeley. Professor of history at Pomona College and Claremont Graduate School, he is the author of articles on maritime history, editor of journals of Pacific voyages, and has written* The Panama Route, 1848-1869 *and* San Francisco Bay: A Pictorial Maritime History.

WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

▪ THE FIELD NOTES OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK, 1803–1805. *Edited with Introduction and Notes* by **Ernest Staples Osgood.** *Yale Western Americana Series, 5 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1964. 335 pp. Facsims., index. $12.50).* ▪ GEOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR UPON UPPER CALIFORNIA IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS MAP OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA BY JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT. *Newly reprinted from the edition of 1848 with introductions* by **Allan Nevins** *and* **Dale L. Morgan** *and a reproduction of the map (San Francisco, Book Club of California, 1964. 65 pp. Illus., app. Distributed to members only).* ▪ AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE SUMMER OF 1859. BY HORACE GREELEY. *Edited, with Notes and an Introduction* by **Charles T. Duncan.** *Classic Commentaries on America's Past (New York, Knopf, 1964. 325 pp. Illus., map, index. $5.95).*

The Field Notes of Captain William Clark gives us new information and insights and a look behind the scenes of the Lewis and Clark expedition. From December, 1803, when winter quarters were set up at Camp DuBois opposite the mouth of the Missouri, to April, 1805, when the explorers left the Mandan villages headed west, Clark made the rough field records discovered in 1953 and now published in this beautifully designed (10 × 14 inches) volume. The value of the documents, consisting of sixty-seven pieces, is greatly enhanced by the meticulous editing of Professor Osgood. Each document has been transcribed and reproduced in facsimile.

Through the years since its founding in 1912 the Book Club of California has distributed many good and important books and published them in fine editions. The club is to be congratulated for rescuing Frémont's *Geographical Memoir* from its long oblivion in the congressional documents. Not only is the brief work the official report of the third expedition, but it is something of a summary of the geographical findings of Frémont's first three expeditions. This work and the Preuss map accompanying it, one of the landmarks in western cartography, put to rest much of the confusion that had come through the failure of others to understand the nature of the Great Basin, a name Frémont applied to the vast interior drainage between the Wasatch and the Sierra Nevada. Allan Nevins illuminates the turbulent period in Frémont's life and the circumstances underlying publication of the Memoir. Dale Morgan discusses the map and its significance in the cartography of the West.

Horace Greeley's cross-country jaunt by rail and stage in 1859 was one of the classic trips in American journalism. Editor of the New York *Tribune*, he sent thirty-three dispatches to his paper at points across the West from Kansas to California. Acute and pungent, he reported on civil strife in Kansas, the Great Plains, the Great American Desert, the gold rush to Colorado, Utah and the Mormons, and the merit of a railroad to the Pacific. First published in book form in 1860, *An Overland Journey* now appears in a handsome new edition; in his Introduction Charles T. Duncan calls it a "magnificent travel book."

▪ THE TRANSPORTATION FRONTIER: TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST, 1865–1890. **By Oscar Winther.** *Histories of the American Frontier Series (New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964. 224 pp. Illus., maps, end-paper maps, notes, biblio. notes, index. $4.50).* ▪ THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS FROM 1852 THROUGH THE REIGN OF THE GIANTS. **By Robert Edgar Riegel.** *Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 345 pp. biblio., index. $1.50).*

Here is a complete, scholarly history of all western transportation from the beginning of overland freighting to the coming of the automobile. There are pages on Indian attacks, outlaws, and wayfarers, but there is far more material on the less glamorous but more impor-

tant: persistence of the overland movement, the role of teamsters and freighting, steamboats, and the bicycle, as well as on railroad building and stage coaching. Dr. Winther brings to this study the fruits of long labor in the field of transportation history. The book is written in an engaging style, and it has much to interest the general reader as well as the scholar who can profit from forty-five pages of notes. The volume is one of eighteen in the publisher's *Histories of the American Frontier*, edited by Ray Allen Billington. With Winther's book and Paul's (reviewed under "The Mining Frontier" in this issue), the first two published, the series is off to a most promising start. Riegel's scholarly *The Story of the Western Railroad*, reprinted from the 1926 edition, carries the history of western railroad building to 1911.

■ BURS UNDER THE SADDLE: A SECOND LOOK AT BOOKS AND HISTORIES OF THE WEST. **By Ramon F. Adams** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 610 pp. Index. $20.00*). ■ A GUIDE TO THE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY, VOL. I: PACIFIC AND WESTERN MANUSCRIPTS (EXCEPT CALIFORNIA). *Edited* by **Dale L. Morgan** *and* **George P. Hammond.** *Bancroft Library Publications Bibliographical Series (Berkeley and Los Angeles University of California Press, 1963. 379 pp. Index. $15.00*).

Historian, bibliographer, and lexicographer, Ramon F. Adams continues his crusade for truth in western writing. He has a number of books to his name, including two bibliographies: *Six Guns and Saddle Leather* on the western gunmen, and *The Rampaging Herd* on the cattle industry. Now in a third bibliography, *Burs Under the Saddle*, Adams turns again to the books and histories of the western gunmen and outlaws and critically examines 425 titles, most of which rate as "burs" under his saddle. Ramon Adams' plea is that the writers must stop compounding each other's errors into legend. In this book, with great skill and without malice, he has pointed out past mistakes. His book should be in the essential baggage of every writer on western outlaws and on every library shelf.

The very welcome *Guide* initiates the publication of a series of guides to the Bancroft Library's collection of more than four million manuscripts relating to the history of western North America and early Latin America.

■ AMERICA MOVES WEST. **By Robert E. Riegel** *and* **Robert G. Athearn** (*4th ed., New York, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964. 651 pp. Illus., maps, index. $7.95*).

Robert E. Riegel's book has long been a standard text in college courses on the history of the West. He has now taken Robert G. Athearn into partnership, and this new edition is an extensive revision incorporating recent scholarship. The book covers westward expansion from the beginnings of the first English colonies to about 1900.

■ JEDEDIAH SMITH AND THE OPENING OF THE WEST. **By Dale L. Morgan.** *Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 485 pp. Illus., map, apps., notes, index. $1.85 Paper*).

Morgan's book is not only a biography of Smith but is a distinguished history of the fur trapping era, of which Smith was a most notable figure. This paperback is a reprint of the 1953 edition.

Spain in the West and Mexico

■ DO THE AMERICAS HAVE A COMMON HISTORY? A CRITIQUE OF THE BOLTON THEORY. *Edited with an Introduction* by **Lewis Hanke.** *Borzoi Books on Latin America (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1964. 269 pp. Biblio. note. $2.75 Paper*). ■ BOLTON AND THE SPANISH BORDERLANDS. *Edited with an Introduction* by **John Francis Bannon** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 346 pp. Maps, biblio., index. $5.95*). ■ CORONADO: KNIGHT OF PUEBLOS AND PLAINS. **By Herbert E. Bolton** (*new ed., Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1964. 491 pp. Maps, app., refs., biblio., lost documents, index. $5.00*). ■ THE NEW WORLD LOOKS AT ITS HISTORY: PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HISTORIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. *Edited* by **Archibald R. Lewis** *and* **Thomas F. McGann** (*Austin, University of Texas Press for the Institute of Latin American Studies, University of Texas, 1963. 220 pp. Map, index. $4.00*). ■ WITH THE EARS OF STRANGERS: THE MEXICAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. **By Cecil Robinson.** *Drawings by H. Beaumont Williams (Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1963. 338 pp. Illus., notes, biblio., index. $7.50*). ■ TEXAS AND THE WEST: A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A BIBLIOGRAPHY BY AND ABOUT J. FRANK DOBIE. *Compiled* by **Price Daniel, Jr.**, *Catalogue No. 24 (Waco, Texas, Price Daniel, Jr., 1963. n.p. Illus., index. Paper*).

The broad, continental view we take of the American West, symbolized by the colophon on the title page of this magazine, would have been a satisfying one to the late Herbert E. Bolton. One of his renowned concepts

was a hemispheric view of American history succinctly expressed in his presidential address, "The Epic of Greater America," read before the American Historical Association in 1932. Lewis Hanke has done a service by reprinting the address, together with the papers of those (O'Gorman, Binkley, Brown, Gandía, Brooks, Whitaker, and Mosk) who have reacted for or against the concept in *Do the Americas Have a Common History?* He has added a very useful and balanced Introduction.

Much of Bolton's most lasting scholarship was in the area of the "Spanish Borderlands," as he called them. These were the northern reaches of the empire of Spain in North America, areas now largely a part of the United States where the Spanish legacy has been of enduring significance. Bolton's thesis, if indeed it can be called one, was to propose broader approaches to American history. He opposed national bias that distorted; he thought history should be written and taught without blinders. He went ahead to practice his preaching; and John Francis Bannon, one of Bolton's students, believes that in the Borderlands studies lies Bolton's greatest contribution to historiography. In his *Bolton and the Borderlands* Bannon has chosen seventeen of Bolton's essays, articles, and pieces—some not heretofore published—to help recall this view. By placing the Spanish frontier in perspective, Bolton at once extended the foundations of American history and broadened the concept of the West.

An excellent example of Bolton's scholarship on the Borderlands is his *Coronado: Knight of Pueblos and Plains*, first published in 1949 and now reissued by the University of New Mexico Press.

The New World Looks at Its History, edited by Lewis and McGann, is a volume of exceptional value. It contains papers delivered by distinguished historians at sessions of the Second International Congress of Historians of the United States and Mexico, held at the University of Texas in November, 1958. (The first conference was held at Monterey in 1949.) The papers related to these broad themes: prehistoric peoples, the medieval Iberian frontier, the frontier and ranching in the United States and Mexico, Webb's "great frontier" concept, the historian's task from Mexican and United States viewpoints. Among the contributors are T. N. Campbell, Claudio Sánchez-Albornoz, Charles Julian Bishko, Ray Allen Billington, François Chevalier, J. C. Dykes, Keith Hancock, Arthur R. M. Lower, José Honório Rodrigues, Luis Villoro, Arthur P. Whitaker, France V. Scholes, and Edmundo O'Gorman.

The changing image of the Mexican in the eyes of American writers from about 1800 to the present, or from Zebulon Montgomery Pike to J. Frank Dobie, is reviewed in Cecil Robinson's *With the Ears of Strangers*. He finds Mexico's influence upon American literature unique. The Mexican presence was unavoidable as the United States moved west, but far from wishing to ignore it, American writers found a special fascination in the vitality of the Mexican way of life. An appreciation developed as early cockiness waned, and it has grown into a realization that the Southwest, where Spanish and Anglo cultures interlock, "provides an alternative to New England and the South as a source of tradition and folklore from which a literature can arise." The author feels that many of the writers studied in this book have advanced Whitman's prophecy of a continental culture enriched by Mexican sensibilities. Robinson himself looks ahead to the time when the term "American literature" will mean the interacting literatures of Anglo and Hispanic America.

Price Daniel, Jr., bookseller at Waco, has devoted an entire Hertzog-designed catalogue to the writings of J. Frank Dobie, a giant who has long bestrode the Rio Grande. Jeff C. Dykes and Lawrence Clark Powell have written introductory notes on Dobie, his books, and his writings. One hundred fifty-eight items are listed, including eighteen books.

▪ DOOMED ROAD OF EMPIRE: THE SPANISH TRAIL OF CONQUEST. **By Hodding Carter.** *Illustrations by Don Almquist. The American Trails Series (New York, McGraw-Hill, 1963. 408 pp. Illus., map, biblio., index. $8.95).*

▪ CONQUISTADORS IN NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY. **By Paul Horgan** *(New York, Farrar, Straus, 1963. 303 pp. $5.50).*

▪ THE MEXICAN MESTA: THE ADMINISTRATION OF RANCHING IN COLONIAL MEXICO. **By William H. Dusenberry** *(Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1963. 253 pp. Apps., biblio., index. $5.50).* ▪ LAND AND SOCIETY IN COLONIAL MEXICO: THE GREAT HACIENDA. **By François Chevalier.** *Translated* **by Alvin Eustis.** *Edited with a Foreword* **by Lesley Byrd Simpson** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1963. 334 pp. Illus., gloss., biblio., index. $8.50).* ▪ MORELOS OF MEXICO: PRIEST, SOLDIER, STATESMAN. **By Wilbert H. Timmons** *(El Paso, Texas Western College Press, 1963. 184 pp. Illus., biblio. essay, index. $5.00, Peso edition $8.00).*

▪ DIARIES & ACCOUNTS OF THE ROMERO EXPEDITIONS IN ARIZONA AND CALIFORNIA, 1823–1826. **By Lowell John Bean** *and* **William Marvin Mason.** *Foreword* **by Clarence E. Smith** *(Los Angeles, Ward Ritchie Press for Palm Desert Museum, Palm Springs, 1963. 117 pp. Illus., notes, biblio., $10.00).* ▪ THE COMING OF JUSTICE TO CALIFORNIA:

THREE DOCUMENTS. *Translated from the Spanish* by **Adelaide Smithers.** *Edited* by **John Galvin.** *Designed and printed by Lawton Kennedy in limited edition of 750 copies (San Francisco, John Howell Books, 1963. 80 pp. Portrait, maps, facs., apps. $7.50).*

Hodding Carter has given us a broad panorama of history, full of drama and detail, of the road to Texas. The *Doomed Road* stretched north and east from Saltillo and Monclova, crossed the Rio Grande, passed through San Antonio, and ended at Nachitoches in Louisiana. For two hundred years nations fought over this road and the land it crosses. Spain built it and occupied Texas to defend her great silver mining kingdoms to the south. After La Salle's intrusion of 1685, she kept out the French and stabilized the tribes. Mexico inherited the land from Spain and found herself unable to withstand the land-hungry Americans who flooded into Texas and declared their independence. Annexation to the United States meant war with Mexico, and in 1848 the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo gave much more of Mexico's territory to the United States. Backed up by impressive research, this is a well-told tale by a distinguished writer. Everyone with an interest in the international history of the American West before 1848 will enjoy it thoroughly.

In his easily read *Conquistadors in North American History* Paul Horgan has traced the Spanish conquest from Columbus to Cortés, and from the explorations of Coronado, Tovar and Cárdenas, and others, to the settlement of New Mexico by Oñate and Vargas. His story ends in 1704 with the death of Diego José de Vargas, the "last conquistador," who re-established Spanish rule in New Mexico after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680.

The Mexican Mesta was the first stockmen's association in the New World, and it left a lasting legacy to ranching in the continental West. In this book, which was the 1962 award winner of the Agricultural History Society, William H. Dusenberry tells of its origins in Spain, and then he shows how as a government agency it regulated and controlled the pastoral industries. Everyone interested in the history of stock raising in the American West will appreciate the chapter on the permanent influence of the Mesta in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

The Spanish conquerors of America rewarded themselves more with the lands of the Indians than with their gold. After the fall of the Aztecs, Spain's frontier of settlement moved northward into the unsettled country of the central plateau where a few men found big bonanzas of silver. Many more ran cattle and sheep, and they formed closely knit feudal communities—the haciendas. By the seventeenth century the *hacendados* had become the most influential names in New Spain. In his *Land and Society*, translated from the original French edition of 1952, François Chevalier discusses the evolution of a frontier social system that, when stabilized, changed little until it was assaulted in the Revolution beginning in 1910.

Morelos of Mexico is the first full-length biography in English of José Maria Morelos, who after the death of Hidalgo in 1811 became perhaps the greatest military figure in the Mexican war for independence, a struggle that freed western North America south of the forty-second parallel from European control.

Mexico in 1822 initiated a series of explorations that led to the re-establishment of an overland route between Sonora and Alta California. Accounts of the *Romero Expeditions*, published here in English for the first time, together with extended comment and notes by the authors, throw new light on the Mexican Southwest.

The translated documents in John Galvin's *The Coming of Justice to California* consist of: regulations laid down in 1772 by the king of Spain for the governance of the frontier presidios stretching across the continent from California to Texas, an 1831 speech by Carlos Antonio Carillo requesting adequate courts for Alta California, and a decree of President Santa Anna establishing courts in all the states and territories of the Mexican Republic.

▪ THE AZTECS UNDER SPANISH RULE: A HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO, 1519–1810. **By Charles Gibson** *(Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1964. 657 pp. Illus., maps, apps., abbrs., notes, gloss., biblio., index. $12.50).* ▪ LIFE AND LABOR IN ANCIENT MEXICO: THE BRIEF AND SUMMARY RELATION OF THE LORDS OF NEW SPAIN. **By Alonso de Zorita.** *Translated with an Introduction* by **Benjamin Keen** *(New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rutgers University Press, 1963. 328 pp. Illus., maps, notes, gloss., index. $7.50).* ▪ CORTÉS: THE LIFE OF THE CONQUEROR BY HIS SECRETARY, FRANCISCO LÓPEZ DE GÓMARA. *Translated and edited* by **Lesley Byrd Simpson** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1964. 425 pp. Illus., gloss., biblio., index. $8.50).* ▪ THE KING DANCED IN THE MARKETPLACE. **By Frances Gillmor.** *Illustrated by Carolyn Huff Kinsey (Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1964. 271 pp. Illus., notes, refs., index. $6.50).* ▪ THE TARAHUMAR OF MEXICO: THEIR ENVIRONMENT AND MATERIAL CULTURE. **By Campbell W. Pennington** *(Salt Lake City, University of Utah Press, 1963. 267 pp. Illus., maps, biblio., index. $7.50).*

The Spanish Conquest, the Aztecs, and the other

Indians of Mexico are subjects of traditional interest to Americans. Charles Gibson's *Aztecs Under Spanish Rule* is a work of massive scholarship. Throughout he focuses on the effect of Spanish rule on Indian life at the local level. The conquest did not destroy the Indians, but it resulted in the progressive dissolution of the once great empire into clusters of demoralized and exploited people. Alonso de Zorita's *Life and Labor in Ancient Mexico*, now translated into English for the first time by Benjamin Keen, was written by a judge who served the king in America for nearly twenty years; his work is a major account of the Aztec lifeway and the Spanish impact upon it. Simpson's translation of Gómara's friendly life of *Cortés*, one of the basic sources on the Spanish Conquest, is the first English version since 1578. Using Indian codices and the records of Spanish chroniclers, Frances Gillmor has written a biography (*The King Danced in the Marketplace*) of Montezuma I, who ruled the Aztecs eighty years before the coming of the Spaniards.

In large numbers the Indian lives on in Mexico. Though they have been in contact with Spanish influence for over three hundred years, Campbell W. Pennington has found that *The Tarahumar* Indians living in western Chihuahua have remained isolated from the mainstream of Mexican life.

The Cattle Kingdom

▪ CATTLE RAISING ON THE PLAINS, 1900–1961. **By John T. Schlebecker** (*Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1963. 323 pp. Illus., notes, biblio., index. $6.00*). ▪ IF I CAN DO IT HORSEBACK: A COW-COUNTRY SKETCHBOOK. **By John Hendrix.** *Introduction by Wayne Gard. Illustrations by Malcolm Thurgood. M. K. Brown Range Life Series, No. 4* (*Austin, University of Texas Press, 1964. 355 pp. Illus., map, index. $5.00*). ▪ THE MATADOR LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY. **By W. M. Pearce** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 244 pp. Illus., maps, append., biblio., index. $5.95*). ▪ DAKOTA COWBOY: MY LIFE IN THE OLD DAYS. **By Ike Blasingame.** *Illustrated by John Mariani. Bison Books* (*Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 317 pp. Illus., fold-out map. $1.60 Paper*). ▪ CATTLE-RAISING ON THE PLAINS OF NORTH AMERICA. **By Walter Baron von Richthofen.** *With an Introduction by Edward Everett Dale. The Western Frontier Library* (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 120 pp. Frontis., tables. $2.00*). ▪ CATTLE COUNTRY OF PETER FRENCH. **By Giles French** (*Portland, Oregon, Binfords & Mort, 1964. 167 pp. Illus., sources, index. $3.50*).

John T. Schlebecker's scholarly study is a welcome addition to the short shelf of solid books on the cattle kingdom of the twentieth century. He describes the industry's modern adjustments to the Great Plains environment, the application of science and technology (one chapter is entitled "The Age of Biochemistry"), federal aid and regulation, and the effect of wars, population growth, and economic calamity. Schlebecker dismisses the myth of the modern cattleman as a rugged individualist neither seeking nor receiving outside help; indeed, he concludes, science and technology have brought the industry into close link with the mainstream of western civilization.

If I Can Do It On Horseback by John Hendrix is a compilation of some of his articles published originally in *The Cattleman*. He touches upon everything from the daily life of the cowboy to economic and technological changes in the industry.

The Matador Land and Cattle Company, based on the Texas Panhandle, was one of the most successful and respected foreign-owned cattle companies in the West—surviving from 1882 to 1951, when it was profitably liquidated. Prudent direction by the Scottish owners, shrewd management in America by such men as Murdo Mackenzie, good land and good cattle, were the foundations of the company's success. W. M. Pearce's absorbing history is based in large part on the Matador papers in the Southwest Collection at Texas Technological College at Lubbock. Ike Blasingame, whose *Dakota Cowboy* is now reprinted from the 1958 edition, recounts his experiences as a Matador cowboy in Dakota, 1904–12.

Baron von Richthofen's *Cattle Raising on the Plains of North America* was first published in 1885; his optimistic outlook on the profits to be realized helped to create the western cattle boom of the 1880's.

Giles French's book is about cattleman Peter French and his contemporaries who developed the great stock ranches in southeastern Oregon in the late nineteenth century.

▪ ANDY ADAMS: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS. **By Wilson M. Hudson** (*Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1964. 274 pp. Illus., notes, biblio., index. $5.00*). ▪ THE LOG OF A COWBOY: A NARRATIVE OF THE OLD TRAIL DAYS. **By Andy Adams.** *Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Bison Books* (*Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 387

pp. Illus. $1.50 Paper). ▪ COWBOYS AND CATTLEMEN: A ROUNDUP FROM MONTANA, THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY. *Selected and edited* by **Michael S. Kennedy** (*New York, Hastings House, 1964. 364 pp. Illus., index. $10.00*).

Andy Adams lived through the last days of the open range and then wrote about them in novels and stories so full of authentic detail that critics often refused to regard them as fiction. In revolt against the ludicrous and false representations of the "wild and woolly" West, Andy struck out for himself to give the world the real thing, to write of the "primal values" particularly as exhibited by real working cowboys and cowmen. In his scholarly, literary biography, *Andy Adams*, Professor Hudson discusses the sources of his novels and stories and their place in western fiction and concludes that Andy's campfire tales are the best ever put to paper. He affirms also the artistic excellence of Adams' cattle country masterpiece, *The Log of a Cowboy*. The University of Nebraska Press has reprinted *The Log* from the original 1903 edition.

For his *Cowboys and Cattlemen*, Michael S. Kennedy has selected twenty-five articles from *Montana*, which he edits, to make a book about the many facets of real range life as it was in Montana and on the northern plains from the decade of the 1850's to the end of open range ranching. The book is full of authentic material from the pens of pioneers and others who knew their business. There are dozens of contemporary photographs and a number of paintings and drawings by Russell, Borein, and others.

The Mining Frontier

▪ MINING FRONTIERS OF THE FAR WEST, 1848–1880. By **Rodman Wilson Paul**. *Histories of the American Frontier* (*New York, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963. 236 pp. Illus., notes, index. $4.50*). ▪ THE BONANZA WEST: THE STORY OF THE WESTERN MINING RUSHES, 1848–1900. By **William S. Greever** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963. 430 pp. Illus., biblio., index. $5.95*). ▪ TREASURE HILL: PORTRAIT OF A SILVER MINING CAMP. By **W. Turrentine Jackson** (*Tuscon, University of Arizona Press, 1963. 254 pp. Illus., maps, notes, biblio., index. $5.00*).

Reading these books stimulates a wide range of favorable response, not the least being a refreshed awareness of the marvelous opportunities in the study of the American West. Here are three books which deal with a subject of such obvious importance and compelling interest that one might well expect numerous studies to have been written in previous years. The fact is that despite the extent and variety of publications on western mining, each of these books has long been needed and is in fact a "first."

Rodman Paul has written the first interpretive, unifying study of mining activities in the West; William Greever the first narrative account to include all the major mining rushes; and W. Turrentine Jackson the first re-creation of the life cycle, from boom to bust, of a single mining camp representative of countless ephemeral El Dorados. Each of these books reveals a different dimension of a complex, vital subject; and each offers significant evidence why scholarship is needed in western history and what rewarding, readable results it can produce.

Carefully conceived, lucidly written, and thoroughly researched, *Mining Frontiers of the Far West, 1848–1880* will remain for many years the classic study of western mining operations. With a unifying emphasis on the technological and scientific advances that were indispensable to the evolution of mining from primitive, individualistic efforts to highly skilled, corporate organizations, Professor Paul analyzes and compares each of the successive mining frontiers: the beginning in California, 1848–58; followed by Nevada, 1859–80; then Colorado, 1859–80; Arizona–New Mexico and Idaho-Montana, 1860–80; and culminating in the Black Hills, 1876–80. At the end of the concise, tightly organized text, there are thirty-three pages of enlightening notes and a superb annotated bibliography. In all, this is a book that Professor Paul and the history profession can well be proud of.

In purpose and method, Professor William Greever's admirable *Bonanza West* is a far different book. Here is a comprehensive and colorfully descriptive narrative of the social, political, cultural, and economic events and developments which occurred on each of the mining frontiers from California to the Yukon. Professor Greever has drawn together a vast amount of general knowledge, specific fact, and intimate detail that has accumulated over the years in scores of books and articles. The result is a book that offers the general reader a rich and inclusive record of what actually happened between 1848 and 1900 in the mines of California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, the Black Hills of South Dakota, and the Alaska-Yukon region. Only the

less important mining efforts in Arizona and New Mexico are omitted. Illustrative of the extensive coverage of mining life is a chapter on the evolution of Butte, Montana, as a huge copper mining center and another chapter describing the climactic labor troubles in the Coeur d'Alene mines of Idaho between 1891 and 1907.

In contrast to the interpretation and synthesis of Paul and the narrative sweep of Greever, W. Turrentine Jackson's *Treasure Hill* offers a third approach to the history of western mining—a vividly detailed case study of a single mining district at White Pine in eastern Nevada, where the discovery of rich silver ore led to a rush in 1868 and "a short season of glory and excitement." Short it was, for by the close of the mining season of 1869 a severe decline had set in with "crowds of men . . . walking the streets in idleness and complaining about hard times." By 1873 the mining towns of the district presented "a spectacle of gloomy desolation." Thereafter only stubbornly hopeful investment by a British joint-stock company delayed total collapse which came in 1893 when the British company (after astonishing perseverance) suspended all work in Nevada.

As a story of failure, *Treasure Hill* serves as a needed contrast to the bonanzas described by William Greever; and as Professor Jackson emphasizes, the story of White Pine is important because it is representative of the "countless, short-lived, booming camps [that] consumed far greater human effort and suffering, more money and equipment, than the occasional successful mining district that gained lasting fame."

J. S. Holliday, San Francisco State College

▪ MONTANA PAY DIRT: A GUIDE TO THE MINING CAMPS OF THE TREASURE STATE. **By Muriel Sibell Wolle** (*Denver, Sage Books, 1963. 436 pp. Illus., maps, index. $12.50*).

Far more than a guide, this big splendid book contains enough material for a history of mining in Montana from the discovery of the diggings in Virginia City's Alder Gulch and Helena's Last Chance Gulch a century ago. Twenty-two chapters, each chock-full of history of the boom times, stories, anecdotes, and directions (a clear map portrays each district), cover as many mining areas in the western part of the state. The book is illustrated entirely—and superbly—by Mrs. Wolle's own paintings and drawings—175 of them! In these she has caught the spirit of the old camps and towns in all degrees of decay, preservation, or activity. *Pay Dirt*, in the same rich vein as the author's earlier *Stampede to Timberline* and *Bonanza Trail*, would be a good traveling companion if one were to visit the Treasure State during the centennial years.

Southwest

▪ RIP FORD'S TEXAS. **By John Salmon Ford.** *Edited with an Introduction and commentary* **by Stephen B. Oates.** *Personal Narratives of the West Series (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1963. 519 pp. Biblio., apps., index. $7.50).*

▪ REBELLIOUS RANGER: RIP FORD AND THE OLD SOUTHWEST. **By W. J. Hughes** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 300 pp. Illus., map, biblio., index. $5.95*).

When the name of "Rip" Ford is mentioned in Texas, most persons think of a Texas Ranger during the Mexican War, who as adjutant of Jack Hays's regiment had the responsibility of sending out death notices where he included at the first of the message, "Rest in Peace." Later, in time of battle, the message was shortened to "R.I.P." In addition to being a Texas Ranger, John S. Ford was a doctor, lawyer, surveyor, newspaperman, elected representative, Indian fighter and soldier who resided in Texas for six decades (1836–99) and who participated in almost every important event in Texas history during that time. He led a colorful and adventurous life; his associates and acquaintances read like a Texas *Who's Who*.

In his later years Ford wrote his reminiscences and historical articles; these writings, now deposited in the Archives Collection of the University of Texas Library, provide the main source materials for the W. J. Hughes biography on Ford and the Stephen Oates edited work of Rip Ford's account of Texas. Although Ford was one of the most colorful characters ever to appear on the Texas scene, these two works are the first ever published dealing with, as author Hughes describes Ford, "the most 'Texian' of them all."

Rip Ford's Texas is autobiographical and *Rebellious Ranger* is biographical. Oates has taken Ford's own writings and brought them into chronological and readable form, eliminating certain repetitious accounts and irrelevant detail. Oates's purpose was "to appeal to the specialist through truth and accuracy and to the general reader through lucidity in writing and economy in editing."

Hughes's study grew out of a doctoral dissertation and shows a prodigious amount of research and carefully documented sources. Hughes need not make apology for

being "a non-Texan" and writing on Ford. The Ford biography was long overdue, and the present work is a credit to Old Rip and his role in Texas and the Southwest.

Early pictures of Ford are rare as is evidenced in their scarcity in these two works: a frontispiece pen sketch in one and a photograph of Ford in advanced years in the other. Oates and Hughes will certainly want to look at the oil portrait of Ford done in 1859 by William Stevens now on view in the Texas State Library.

Dorman H. Winfrey, Texas State Library

▪ NAVAHO EXPEDITION: JOURNAL OF A MILITARY RECONNAISSANCE FROM SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, TO THE NAVAHO COUNTRY MADE IN 1849 BY LIEUTENANT JAMES H. SIMPSON. *Edited and annotated* by **Frank McNitt.** *American Exploration and Travel Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. Illus., apps., biblio., index. $5.95).* ▪ THE NAVAJO RECONNAISSANCE: A MILITARY EXPLORATION OF THE NAVAJO COUNTRY IN 1859. **By Captain J. G. Walker** *and* **Major O. L. Shepherd.** *Foreword, annotations, and index by L. R. Bailey. Great West and Indian Series, XXV. Western Survey Series, III. Limited edition of 600 copies (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1964. 111 pp. Illus., maps, index. $6.50).* ▪ SHONTO: A STUDY OF THE ROLE OF THE TRADER IN A MODERN NAVAHO COMMUNITY. **By William Y. Adams.** *Bureau of American Ethnology, Bul. 188 (Washington, D. C., Smithsonian Institution, 1963. 329 pp. Illus., maps, biblio., index. $2.00).*

During the years of Spanish and Mexican rule, the Navajo Indians plagued the Pueblo villages and the European settlements in New Mexico, and they carried on a running fight with the United States from 1846. Finally, part of the tribe surrendered to Carson and was exiled to Bosque Redondo in 1864. If the campaigners before then learned little about the Indians, they turned up much information about the Navajo country. Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, with Colonel Washington's command, wrote the best account during these years. His descriptions of the ruins of Chaco Canyon, of the Navajo homeland of Canyon de Chelly, of Zuñi, and of Inscription Rock, all illustrated with sketches by Richard Kern, gave Americans a first and romantic view of Navajo country since it had come into the United States. Frank McNitt, whose earlier books on *Richard Wetherill* and the *Indian Traders* are remembered favorably, has performed an important service by bringing out this new edition of Simpson's 1849 *Journal*, long lost to the general public in the congressional documents. In epilogue and prologue and in his notes, McNitt has written more than Simpson did in the original. Only a few of Kern's drawings from the original have been reproduced.

For his *Navajo Reconnaissance*, L. R. Bailey from the National Archives has rescued heretofore unpublished field reports of military explorations from Fort Defiance to Canyon de Chelly, Black Mesa, Mt. San Mateo, and the road to the Hopi villages.

Many of those who have visited trading posts in the Navajo country may have thought of the operation as an exceedingly simple one. In his detailed, scholarly study of *Shonto*, anthropologist William Y. Adams has thrown a world of light on the complex relationships between the American-inspired and American-operated trading post and its Indian clientele.

▪ BE IT ENACTED: THE CREATION OF THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA. **By B. Sacks** *(Phoenix, Arizona Historical Foundation, 1964. 200 pp. Illus., maps, apps., notes, index. $7.50 Cloth, $20.00 Leather).* ▪ ECHOES OF THE PAST: TALES OF OLD YAVAPAI, VOL. 2. *Edited with an Introduction* by **Robert C. Stevens** *(Prescott, Yavapai Cowbelles, 1964. 312 pp. Illus., index. $3.95).* ▪ PIONEERING IN ARIZONA: THE REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON OLIVER STRATTON AND EDITH STRATTON KITT. *Edited* by **John Alexander Carroll** *(Tucson, Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1964. 178 pp. Illus., maps, index. $7.50).*

In a distinguished and scholarly text, Dr. Sacks describes the complex struggle of a determined group of pioneers—including Poston, Mowry, Heintzelman, Wrightson, and others—to achieve territorial status for Arizona. Published as a centennial article last year in two issues of *Arizona and the West*, his text has been enlarged; and the author has included more than forty facsimiles of documents, more than twenty portraits, and two rare Arizona maps. It is appropriate that this beautiful book should appear in the year 1964, the hundredth anniversary of the actual establishment of the territorial government at Prescott.

The centennial at Prescott is additionally celebrated by the appearance of the second volume (the first appeared in 1955 and was soon out of print) of *Echoes of the Past*. Twenty different authors, pioneers or descendants of pioneers, have written of Indians, frontier towns, mining, cattle drives, railroads, freighting, ranching, stagecoaching, and merchandising over the past century.

Edith Stratton Kitt took down dictated *Reminiscences* of her father, E. O. Stratton, who came to Arizona in 1874 and who spent most of the rest of his life there as a pioneer mining man, rancher, and public servant. To these she has added her own, including an account of her twenty-two years (1925–47) of service as secretary of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.

■ GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS: HUMAN INTEREST AND HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS FROM 400 GHOST HAUNTS OF OLD ARIZONA. **By Nell Murbarger.** *Westernlore Ghost Town Series, III (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1964. 398 pp. Illus., maps, index. $7.50).* ■ LOST DESERT BONANZAS. **By Eugene L. Conrotto.** *Maps* **by Norton Allen** *(Palm Desert, California, Desert-Southwest Publishers, 1963. 278 pp. Illus., app. $6.75).*

Veteran reporter Nell Murbarger spent much time in the libraries, and her sprightly stories of Arizona's deserted mining camps, stage stations, army camps, and ranches are well laced with historical lore. In *Lost Desert Bonanzas* Eugene L. Conrotto has brought together the known facts on more than a hundred lost mines and buried treasures in the Southwest described over the past quarter century in the pages of *Desert Magazine.*

■ AL SIEBER: CHIEF OF SCOUTS. **By Dan L. Thrapp** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 432 pp. Illus., map, biblio., index. $6.95).* ■ LIFE OF TOM HORN: GOVERNMENT SCOUT AND INTERPRETER. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, A VINDICATION. *Introduction* **by Dean Krakel.** *Western Frontier Library (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 277 pp. Supp. articles. $2.00).*

The first is a careful, scholarly biography of an Arizona frontiersman and top scout with General Crook in the Apache campaigns. The book is mainly about Sieber's scouting which, Thrapp concludes, was decisive in Crook's victories over the Apaches.

The *Life of Tom Horn*, his adventures as cowboy, frontier detective, army scout and interpreter, was first published in 1904, one year after he was hanged for murder. The book gives an intimate picture of the leading figures in the Apache wars, including Al Sieber.

■ NEGRO FRONTIERSMAN: THE WESTERN MEMOIRS OF HENRY O. FLIPPER, FIRST NEGRO GRADUATE OF WEST POINT. *Edited with an Introduction* **by Theodore D. Harris** *(El Paso, Texas Western College Press, 1963. 54 pp. Illus., app., notes. $3.00 Paper, $6.00 Cloth).*

A short, scholarly Introduction gives perspective to these *Memoirs*, one of the few personal frontier narratives written by a Negro. His account (1878–1916) covers his service during the Indian wars in the Southwest after which he became a mining engineer in Mexico.

■ SUN FATHER'S WAY: THE KIVA MURALS OF KUAUA: A PUEBLO RUIN, CORONADO STATE MONUMENT, NEW MEXICO. **By Bertha P. Dutton** *(Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press; Santa Fe, School of American Research, and Museum of New Mexico Press, 1963. 237 pp. Illus., app., gloss., biblio., index. $15.00).* ■ TAOS ADOBES: SPANISH COLONIAL AND TERRITORIAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE TAOS VALLEY. **By Bainbridge Bunting.** *Illustrations by Jean Lee Booth and William R. Sims, Jr. Limited edition of 2000 copies (Santa Fe, Fort Burgwin Research Center-Museum of New Mexico Press, 1964. 80 pp. Biog. note. $4.95).* ■ NEW MEXICO'S TROUBLED YEARS: THE STORY OF THE EARLY TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS. **By Calvin Horn.** *Foreword by John F. Kennedy (Albuquerque, Horn & Wallace, 1963. 239 pp. Illus., biblio., index. $6.00).* ■ THE BATTLES OF ADOBE WALLS AND LYMAN'S WAGON TRAIN, 1874. **By Derek G. West,** *et al. (Canyon, Texas, Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1964. 110 pp. Illus., maps, index. $5.00).* ■ SOUTHEASTERN TOWN: THE STORY OF WILLCOX, ARIZONA. **By Vernon B. Schultz** *(Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1964. 140 pp. Illus., notes, biblio., index. $4.75).* ■ OF EARTH AND SKY: A HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO INSTITUTE OF MINING AND TECHNOLOGY, 1889–1964. **By Paige W. Christiansen** *(Socorro, New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology, 1964. 107 pp. Illus., index. $4.00).* ■ THE COMPLETE AND FACTUAL LIFE OF BILLY THE KID. **By William Brent** *(New York, Frederick Fell, 1964. 212 pp. Illus. $4.95).*

California

■ THE CALIFORNIA DIARY OF FAXON DEAN ATHERTON, 1836–1839. *Edited with an Introduction* **by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.** *(San Francisco and Los Angeles, California Historical Society, 1964. 246 pp. Illus., maps, notes, biblio., index. $12.50).* ■ A FRENCH JOURNALIST IN THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH: THE LETTERS OF ETIENNE DERBEC. *Edited* **by A. P. Nasatir.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (Georgetown, California, Talisman Press, 1964. 258 pp. Illus., map, notes on sources, notes, index. $12.50).*

Faxon Dean Atherton, young New Englander, knowledgeable, sensitive, an apostle of Manifest Destiny, lived in California as an agent for a commercial concern. His business activities involved him intimately in the political life of Mexican California, and the diary is full of his observations on places, events, and persons, including American residents and visitors. A contemporary of Richard Henry Dana, Atherton's *California Diary* begins where *Two Years before the Mast* leaves off. Here is a storehouse of new information that will be of interest to students of California and Western history alike. Doyce Nunis provides a fulsome sketch of Atherton's

life and achievements and includes extensive notes.

Etienne Derbec in 1849 joined the gold rush to California, and as a correspondent of an influential French newspaper in 1850–51, he wrote a series of lengthy letters from the Mariposa region of the southern mines; other letters are dated at San Francisco and Honolulu. Derbec catches the excitement of gold rush California; indeed, his descriptions of life in the Mariposa mines must be among the best ever written. Unlike most of the thousands of Frenchmen in the gold rush, Derbec spent the rest of his life in California engaging in a variety of activities. He remained thoroughly French, and controversial, to the end. Abraham Nasatir, who has written much on the French in California and the West, has translated the letters and from diverse sources has prepared a lengthy biographical sketch of Derbec, and his full notes add dimension to the letters. The book is finely bound and printed.

■ THE LARKIN PAPERS: PERSONAL BUSINESS, AND OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN, MERCHANT AND UNITED STATES CONSUL IN CALIFORNIA, VOL. X, 1854–1858. *Edited* by **George P. Hammond** (*Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press for the Bancroft Library, 1964. 353 pp. $10.00, complete set of ten volumes, $100.00*). ■ CALIFORNIA PIONEER REGISTER AND INDEX, 1542–1848, INCLUDING INHABITANTS OF CALIFORNIA, 1769–1800, AND LIST OF PIONEERS. *Extracted from* THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA by **Hubert Howe Bancroft** (*Baltimore, Regional Publishing, 1964. 392 pp. $10.00*). ■ A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, 1510–1930. By **Robert Ernest Cowan** *and* **Robert Grannis Cowan** (*Los Angeles, By the author, 1964. 926 pp. Indexes*).

The appearance of Volume X completes publication of The Larkin Papers, one of the great bodies of primary source materials for the history of California and the West. Larkin came to Mexican California in 1832 where he became the most influential American in the province. He was early enough to observe the pastoral life of Alta California and to note an occasional local revolution. He was on hand to see the Yankee hide and tallow ships, and the westward-moving emigrants across the Sierra Nevada, and the transfer of California to the United States, and the discovery of gold. One of the treasures of the Bancroft Library, his papers cover the years 1822 to his death in 1858 and total over four thousand pieces. The bulk of these have now been published in a handsome set of ten volumes. The world of scholars and writers from now on will continue to applaud and congratulate Editor George P. Hammond and the University of California.

Listing and giving biographical data on thousands of persons of Spanish, Mexican, and United States origin, the *California Pioneer Register* has long been an important research tool for students of California and Western history. This volume is a facsimile reproduction of the original as it appeared in the first five volumes of Bancroft's *History of California*.

The important Cowan *Bibliography* has now been reprinted and a fourth volume, listing 692 titles, has been added. In this edition the four volumes are brought together in a single, handy octavo.

Folklore

■ VOICES IN THE VALLEY: MYTHMAKING AND FOLK BELIEF IN THE SHAPING OF THE MIDDLE WEST. By **Frank R. Kramer** (*Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1964. 300 pp. Illus., map, notes, biblio., index. $5.00*). ■ FRIENDS OF THUNDER: FOLKTALES OF THE OKLAHOMA CHEROKEES. By **Jack F.** *and* **Anna G. Kilpatrick** (*Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1964. 197 pp. Notes. $5.00*). ■ FOLKLORE OF THE OIL INDUSTRY. By **Mody C. Boatright.** *Illustrations by William D. Wittliff* (*Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1963. 220 pp. Notes, index. $5.00*). ■ A GOOD TALE AND A BONNIE TUNE. *Edited* by **Mody C. Boatright** *et al. Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, XXXII* (*Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1964. 274 pp. Index. $4.50*). ■ BUYING THE WIND: REGIONAL FOLKLORE IN THE UNITED STATES. By **Richard M. Dorson** (*Chicago and London, University of Chicago Press, 1964. 573 pp. Illus., biblio., indexes. $7.95*).

Professor Kramer's concern in *Voices in the Valley* is to show the influence of folklore on human motivation. He examines the rich and varied history of the ethnic groups east of the Mississippi from the arrival of the French and draws some provocative conclusions about the place of myth in understanding the behavior of an entire society.

Themselves distinguished Cherokees, the Kilpatricks have translated tapes taken by them from their own people to make *Friends of Thunder* a notable book.

Boatright's *Folklore of the Oil Industry* is a good, sloshing barrelful from the era before 1940 when science began to take the guesswork out of the business.

The Texas Folklore Society's annual volume contains a number of pieces ranging from "Texas Stream Names" to "The Cowboy in the British West Indies" and five essays on changing approaches in folksong scholarship.

Dorson's *Buying the Wind* is a choice volume of texts: tales, songs, riddles, proverbs, games, legends, and customs from seven regions, including "Louisiana Cajuns," "Southwest Mexicans," and "Utah Mormons."

Negro Cowboys *continued*

got lost when the trail drives ended and the dust settled. Comparatively few of them stayed permanently on the northern ranges of Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, or the Dakotas, and so today many residents of those states do not know the part that Negroes played in the opening of the cattle country. Old cowboys remembered the Negroes, but cowboys wrote little, and much of what they did write has only recently been collected or published.

Most Americans know the old West as it was described by Owen Wister, Zane Grey, and the hundreds of later Western story writers. From that West, a land of myth and legend, the real Negro cowboys have been fenced out. Western stories are peopled by tall, lean, tanned—but lily white under the shirt—heroes who ride through purple-sage country made dangerous by dirty villains, red Indians, and swarthy "greasers," only occasionally being helped by "good Indians" and "proud Spanish-Americans." Even the Chinese survive in fiction, if only as pigtailed caricatures who speak a conventionalized "no tickee, no washee" pidgin English as they shuffle about the ranch houses. Although the stereotypes are sometimes grotesque, all but one of the races and nationalities of the real West appear in novels, movies, and television programs.

All but the Negro cowboys, who have been forgotten.

The stories of Negro cowboys are told in the scattered memoirs and autobiographies of old trail drivers, as well as in the biographies of cattlemen, law officers, and outlaws. Many are described by western historians like J. Frank Dobie, Joe B. Frantz, Wayne Gard, and J. Evetts Haley. Others are remembered in county histories and in the archives and annals of state historical societies. [c 1964 by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones. This article is excerpted from *The Negro Cowboys* to be published spring, 1965, by Dodd, Mead and Company.]

Spotted Tail: Warrior, Diplomat *continued*

by the same author and the same publisher are *A Sioux Chronicle* (1956) and *Red Cloud's Folk* (1937 and 1957). Other recent works are Oliver Knight, *Following the Indian Wars* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960); Katherine C. Turner, *Red Men Calling on the Great White Father* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1951); Eugene F. Ware, *The Indian War of '64* (New York, St Martin's Press, 1960); and Robert M. Utley, *The Last Days of the Sioux Nation* (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1963).

Older accounts still of value are *Fifty Years on the Trail, Remarkable Story of the Life of John T. Nelson* (as told to Harrington O'Reilly, New York, 1889, and Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1963); James McLaughlin, *My Friend the Indian* (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1910); Richard Irving Dodge, *The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants* (1877; new edition, New York, Archer House, 1959) and *Our Wild Indians* (Hartford, 1886); and John G. Bourke, *On the Border with Crook* (New York, 1891).

Other works of interest are George B. Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1856); John Tebbel and Keith Jennison, *The American Indian Wars* (New York, Harper and Brothers, 1960); and W. A. Graham, *The Custer Myth: A Source Book of Custeriana* (Harrisburg, The Stackpole, 1953).

Frenchmen, Englishmen, and the Indian *continued*

Empire, an editing of George Simpson's journal. Because of the general excellence of the work and the scholarliness of the introduction, a reader might easily assume that Simpson's usually jaundiced attitudes towards the natives exemplified those of Hudson's Bay men generally. Actually, Simpson was atypical both in position and in temperament. For example, before considering as typical his carpings at subordinates for their Indian marriages, one must remember that the objects of those criticisms were, like himself, English-speaking Hudson's Bay Company traders.

A second historiographical factor that has bearing stems from the prevalence of a specific literary or historical genre—the Indian-hating "mountain man" narratives of the American Far West. While these have

probably done much to shape the common conception of frontier attitudes, the world has been spared the reminiscences of their French counterparts, the *voyageurs*. The basic and brutal views of the omnipresent "Jean-Baptiste" rarely got into print, but those of Jim Beckwourth, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, and a good many others from the lowest echelon of the English-speaking fur trade have been dignified by publication. America's lurid interest in its passing frontier in the late years of the nineteenth century spawned a literature—often done by journalistic amanuenses who knew the public taste—which simply is not commensurable with the main body of fur-trade sources. The bulk of reliable sources, from the very fact that they were recorded at all, came from men of at least some intelligence, men generally of British, French, Canadian, or American middle-class backgrounds. Because of the comparative advantages of their social origins, they often showed discernment in their writings on the Indians. Their subordinates, whatever their cultural derivations, most likely could not.

Another element which may account for the possible imbalance derives from a modern intellectual point of view. In the 1920's, and to some degree before and after, America's scholarly and intellectual community engaged in a crusade against "puritanism," in a "revolt against the village," and in a fervent renunciation of the Anglo-Saxon racism of the late nineteenth century. Given this atmosphere, it seems natural that the interpretation of a Francis Parkman, who apparently tagged the Englishman with intolerance, should be accepted and perpetuated. That Parkman may well have been a "racist" himself and thus argued the way he did for the wrong reasons could of course be overlooked. Whatever the reasoning behind it, that interpretation agreed fairly well with the thinking of Americans bent on denying part of their heritage. One recent scholar has suggested that the influence of Vernon L. Parrington has helped to prolong a possible misconception regarding attitudes towards the Indians. According to that writer, the Parringtonian animus against New England and things connected therewith has been reflected in some major works dealing with frontier outlooks. There is then the possibility that the twentieth-century American has perceived intolerance and bigotry in his Anglo-Saxon forebears because he has been taught to expect it.

Finally, one can hardly help but suspect that the very ease with which the traditional interpretation of frontier attitudes can be applied helps account for its acceptance. Obviously, the idea that the Frenchman was tolerant while the Englishman was intolerant affords a handy method for explaining frontier realities. The ethnocultural origin of the trader offers answers much faster than do some other diverse, amorphous, and rather unmanageable factors which might shed light upon the attitudes of white traders towards their red customers—factors such as the condition of the trade in the time-place setting from which a source comes, the specific tribes with which the writer of a source was dealing, the amount of time the trader had spent among Indians generally and among the tribe with whom he was dealing specifically, and, probably most importantly, the personality and outlook of the individual trader.

Among the more thorough and thoughtful commentaries on Indians written by fur traders, those of Edwin Thompson Denig of the Upper Missouri trade would probably come foremost. He wrote lengthily in response to a governmental form circulated by Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, and this material ultimately was published in the *Forty-sixth Annual Report* of the Bureau of American Ethnology. John C. Ewers recently determined Denig's authorship of other, independently written material and edited it under the title, *Five Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri*. Alexander Ross's three works—*Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River*, *The Fur Hunters of the Far West*, and *The Red River Settlement*—contain generous treatments of the natives. The last is especially worthwhile for Ross's views on the half-breed situation. Although Richard Glover has recently re-edited *David Thompson's Narrative* partly to dispel a "hagiographical myth," Thompson—whatever his character—offered perceptive and sympathetic material of length and detail. In spite of its occasional injections of primitivism, James Adair's *History of the American Indians* has few equals. Similarly, John Long of the eastern Canadian trade became fanciful on occasion, but his *Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader* is still highly regarded. Writing as a journalist back in Ireland, ex-Astorian Ross Cox invoked too much drama, but his interest in the natives is patent. Though James Isham's *Notes*, edited by E. E. Rich in 1949, reveals a man of dyspeptic temperament, it also evidences real curiosity.

John McLoughlin, Charles Ross, and John Owen had Indian or mixed-blood wives for whom they showed ample concern. E. E. Rich edited *The Letters of John McLoughlin;* Seymour Dunbar and Paul C. Phillips edited *The Journals and Letters of Major Owen;* and "Five Letters of Charles Ross" appeared in the *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, April, 1943.

French sources cited in the article vary considerably in tenor, but they are alike in illustrating an interest and a tolerance no stronger than those of their Anglo-Saxon counterparts. Samuel de Champlain's *Works* edited by H. P. Biggar, and *The Explorations of Pierre Esprit Radisson* most recently edited by Arthur T. Adams show a generous amount of impatience and disgust. Laurence J. Burpee's editing of the *Journals and Letters*

of Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye reveals a man wavering between naïveté and cynicism. Charles Larpenteur in his *Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri*, Gabriel Franchére in his *Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America*, and Monsieur Jérémie's account edited by R. Douglas and J. N. Wallace under the title, *Twenty Years of York Factory, 1694–1714* maintain a position vis-a-vis the red man both noncommittal and bereft of generalization. Outright vilification of the natives by men of French lineage can be seen in Annie Heloise Abel's editing of *Tabeau's Narrative of Loisel's Expedition to the Upper Missouri;* in the "Journal of Jean Baptiste Trudeau" in the *American Historical Review* of January, 1914; in a peculiarly muted fashion in the "Journal of Jean Baptiste Trudeau" in the *Collections of the Missouri Historical Society*, IV; and François-Victor Malhiot's "Journal" contained in L. R. Masson's two-volume *Les bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*. (Duncan Cameron's "The Nipigon Country" is also contained in Masson's work.)

In "The Noble Savage in America, 1815–1860: Concepts of the Indian with Special Reference to the Writers of the Northeast" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Yale University, 1952), Fred A. Crane suggested that on the level of literature and literary evaluations French tolerance and New England bigotry have been overemphasized.

As we near the end of our first year of publication, it seems appropriate to speak of a number of things. From many institutions and scores of individuals across the face of the land, we have received much help and encouragement in many ways and in many forms

It seems obvious to the editors that the magazine itself speaks clearly as to the purpose, area, and subject matter of its interests, but it has been suggested that more details might be spelled out. The area of the American West we have defined with the colophon appearing on the title page of the magazine, which is a stylized version of the map carried on the cover of the first issue. Broadly, it is western North America, or the United States west of the Mississippi, Canada west of Hudson Bay, and northern Mexico. We are interested in the land, its people and their culture. Historically, we are concerned with everything earlier than yesterday. The magazine is aimed at a wide audience and hopes to appeal to the intelligent layman, to the scholar in many fields, and to a wide segment of the general public. We are convinced that in this day there is a wide interest in serious literature. This interest, we believe, is enhanced when it is presented in an attractive package. This belief is attested to by the thousands of people who have subscribed to THE AMERICAN WEST *and the scores of thousands who read it. In all modesty, we think the large circulation obtained before the magazine is one year old is phenomenal.*

As can be readily imagined our "mailbag" has been filled to overflowing. We have blushed at some of the compliments and honestly tried to learn from the criticisms. With such a wide audience, we know it is impossible to please all of our readers all of the time, but we hope to please most of our readers most of the time. We welcome well-thought-out comments and criticisms. Below are representative samples which have come to us thus far.

*

I daresay it's too much to hope that THE AMERICAN WEST rolled off the presses to a fanfare of silver trumpets and awash with champagne, but it should have. It's a superb job.

Mrs. Byron Ivancovich, Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

*

I am most grateful to you and to the other editors for that uncut copy of the first edituon of THE AMERICAN WEST. This is truly a collector's item of the first importance, and I shall treasure it not only for its intrinsic value, but as a memento of those wonderful days when the whole project was being launched. Who would have believed, when we met at Santa Fe, that the results would be this spectacular!

Ray A. Billington, Huntington Library

*

I should like to congratulate you on the first issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. It is a most attractive magazine, its contents a nice blend of the light and the serious, of photo-

graphs, drawings, and text, well printed and displayed.

Miss Malvina Bolus, editor, THE BEAVER
Hudson's Bay Company

*

I remember that you told me at the WHA meeting in Salt Lake City last fall that THE AMERICAN WEST was going to be good—right from the first issue. It is. I frankly did not expect it to be this good till at least the tenth volume. Upon perusing this first issue, I found myself exclaiming—and in effect sending a mystical ejaculation to you—"Good grief, man, why didn't you leave room for some improvement!"

J. Golden Taylor, professor of English
Utah State University

*

. . . I've finally had a chance to spend some time with my copy of THE AMERICAN WEST. It's really a fine job, handsomely and professionally done; and if some of the articles are a little too specialized for me that's perfectly understandable. I particularly liked Walker Wyman's piece on Western Folklore. Other local reactions have been good, too. Russell Lynes, managing editor of *Harper's Magazine*, wants my copy for his files. He can't have it.

M. S. Wyeth, Jr., Harper & Row

*

Ever so many thanks for letting me have that advance uncut copy of your first issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. I congratulate you on a job that I can only describe as remarkably good.

Alfred A. Knopf

*

I received my copy of Vol. I, No. 1, of THE AMERICAN WEST, and I hasten to congratulate you upon the birth of this handsome baby, and to wish it a very long and successful life. We at the Smithsonian Institution have had a stake in the exploration and interpretation of the American West for well over a hundred years—most notably in natural history and in anthropology—and I hope that more members of our staff of historians will take a greater interest in the history of this fascinating region beyond the Mississippi. Perhaps your fine magazine will help to develop that interest.

John C. Ewers, assistant director, Museum of History and Technology, Smithsonian Institution

*

This evening was devoted to the second issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. It is superb. You have hit your stride. If you can maintain this pace, the sweepstakes of historical journalism will be yours. My congratulations to every person who made this collector's item possible.

Ted C. Hinckley, San Jose State College

*

It is absolutely first-rate. You have got the formula for attracting both the amateurs and the professionals.

Robert M. Utley, National Park Service

*

To me, whenever the "American West" is mentioned, I think not only of an area, but of a time in history. That time would be the nineteenth century. In the May issue, I feel that I may have misunderstood the scope of your magazine. I did not find the article by Rundell on Steinbeck and the article by Holliday on the sheepherder to really fit in. Nor did I find them interesting insofar as "western history." I only hope that you do not extend your magazine into the sociological and historical areas of the twentieth century too much.

F. J. Shippy, Covina, California

*

The May issue contained an article on "Steinbeck's Image of the West" by Walter Rundell. Since you state yours is a magazine of western *history*, how could you possibly print anything so nauseatingly false? The author obviously knew absolutely zero about farms, farmers, banks and government controls and didn't have the good sense to find out before he wrote the propaganda article.

Mrs. Edwina R. Robbins, Yuba City, California

*

The article in the recent issue of THE AMERICAN WEST entitled "Steinbeck's Image of the West" revived memories of the past which have never been forgotten, for [during the depression] I was director of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration for Kern County, California, *Grapes of Wrath* country. As I read the article, scenes of those years flashed through my mind, people destitute, torn, emotionally weary, who did not know where to turn or what to do: A man and wife living in a house built from cardboard boxes, an immaculate heirloom bedspread on the bed, the dirt floor brushed so clean one could eat off it — — — a family of five riding the rails, mother, father and three small children brought to the office by the railroad police, taken off the rails because the children might smother as the train went through the tunnels that were ahead; dirty, grimy, exhausted, they were given shelter and food; the next morning they returned to the office clean, spotlessly clean and smiling — — — a child lying in a hot, dusty, fly-ridden tent, running a high fever with drains in her ears from a mastoid operation; discharged from the local hospital because she was not a resident of California, she was placed in a hospital and given

adequate medical care — — — fights with local owners of farms who thought that because people were on relief they could work for 15c per hour — — — the drives around the area with Dorothea Lange to help her find the pictures she wanted to take, and with her husband, Dr. Paul Taylor who just wanted to get out in the field and talk with people — — — the day WPA started, no more relief checks, work checks now, the men lined up outside the office to get their work orders, the despised "Oakies and Arkies" crying, crying, because now they were going to have an opportunity to work again and to take care of their families as a man should . . .

Mrs. Dorothy Cartwright Piez, Urvada, Colorado

*

The following letter was received some time ago, but because it speaks of so many things personally, philosophically, and historically, we believe it to be worthy of printing in full.

The birth of THE AMERICAN WEST has been a thrilling and exhilarating experience for me. The calendar says it has been only two years since I left Colorado, though the heart says two centuries and the wife says two eons. But now, at least vicariously, one can return to those thrilling days of yesteryear.

The list of Charter Members reads like a Who's Who in My Life. The University of Colorado professors of graduate and undergraduate days are there: Ubbelohde, Bridges, Athearn, and Scamehorn. Before that, my first high school history teacher, Miss Myra Ellen Jenkins, who shortly moved up to her proper academic level of the university but not before she developed my original interest in history, and through debate taught me how to think. And Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr., who, with his associates in the midst of the Denver City morgue, taught me more of life and of man than he ever suspected.

So I have welcomed and devoured the first issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, and have come from its pages greatly pleased and slightly distressed. There is no doubt about the publication's excellence, whether in conception or in execution. But, I think, one avenue of the declared purpose of "promot[ing] the study of the American West in all its varied aspects" has not yet been explored. It seems to me that the meaning of the West — past and present — for contemporary America should be investigated.

There seems to be something of an unfortunate tendency for the historian of the West to become so immersed in the pioneer past that he completes his story about 1890 with the closing of the frontier. Perhaps this results from the confusing of the physical frontier with what, for want of a better term, one might call the metaphysical frontier. The first ran out; the second runs on. And, therefore, to literally consider the West in *all* its various aspects, this latter must be explored. I would go even so far as to suggest that this exploration ultimately may produce the most valuable of all the studies.

After all, the future of the United States lies with the West. The South perished long ago, and by the wildest stretch of optimism cannot be reborn for several generations. The blanket of civilization in stretching westward seems to have torn loose at this end, and, to change the metaphor slightly, this region has been short-sheeted ever since (at least for all but Klandestine purposes). The Middle West has never flowered because of its endemic Puritanism and isolationism, the one preventing the development of the inner world and the other the discovery of the outer one. The East, which as late as World War II was still the mainspring of our civilization, her great metropolises performing the historic function of cities as the centers of civilization, now finds those centers growing increasingly paralyzed and stagnant.

Thus our hope lies with the West, not just by the default of the other sections, but because this particular region has long contained much of that which is characteristically America at its best: youth, enthusiasm, opportunity, resourcefulness, etc. (Parenthetically, one might note that for the uninitiated, the pictures in the first issue of the old in the West, whether of buildings or of men, may suggest age, completeness, even decadence, though for those of us who are familiar with this region, they cannot help but waken countless pleasant memories.)

Professor Jacobs in the first issue (p. 32) quotes Turner as saying that the West "was a *process* rather than a fixed geographical region." Is it too much of an extension of this traditional approach to suggest that the West was and is, at least partially, an attitude of mind in which the emphasis is upon growth and exploration, that the burgeoning population since World War II and the enthusiastic response to the Peace Corps (compare both with any other region) indicate that the process is still viable and significant? Perhaps, then, this particular approach to the West needs to be investigated in future issues by serious scholars.

Max L. Miller, assistant professor of history
Pembroke State College, North Carolina

KNOPF PRIZE IN WESTERN HISTORY

At the third annual conference of the Western History Association, held at Salt Lake City in October, 1963, Alfred A. Knopf made a plea for good writing in the field of western history. To "encourage western historians to pay adequate attention to style" he announced a prize of five thousand dollars for the best-written manuscript in the field of western American history. The award is to be made every second year beginning in 1965. For his plea for good writing we say amen. For his prize we say thanks, Alfred.

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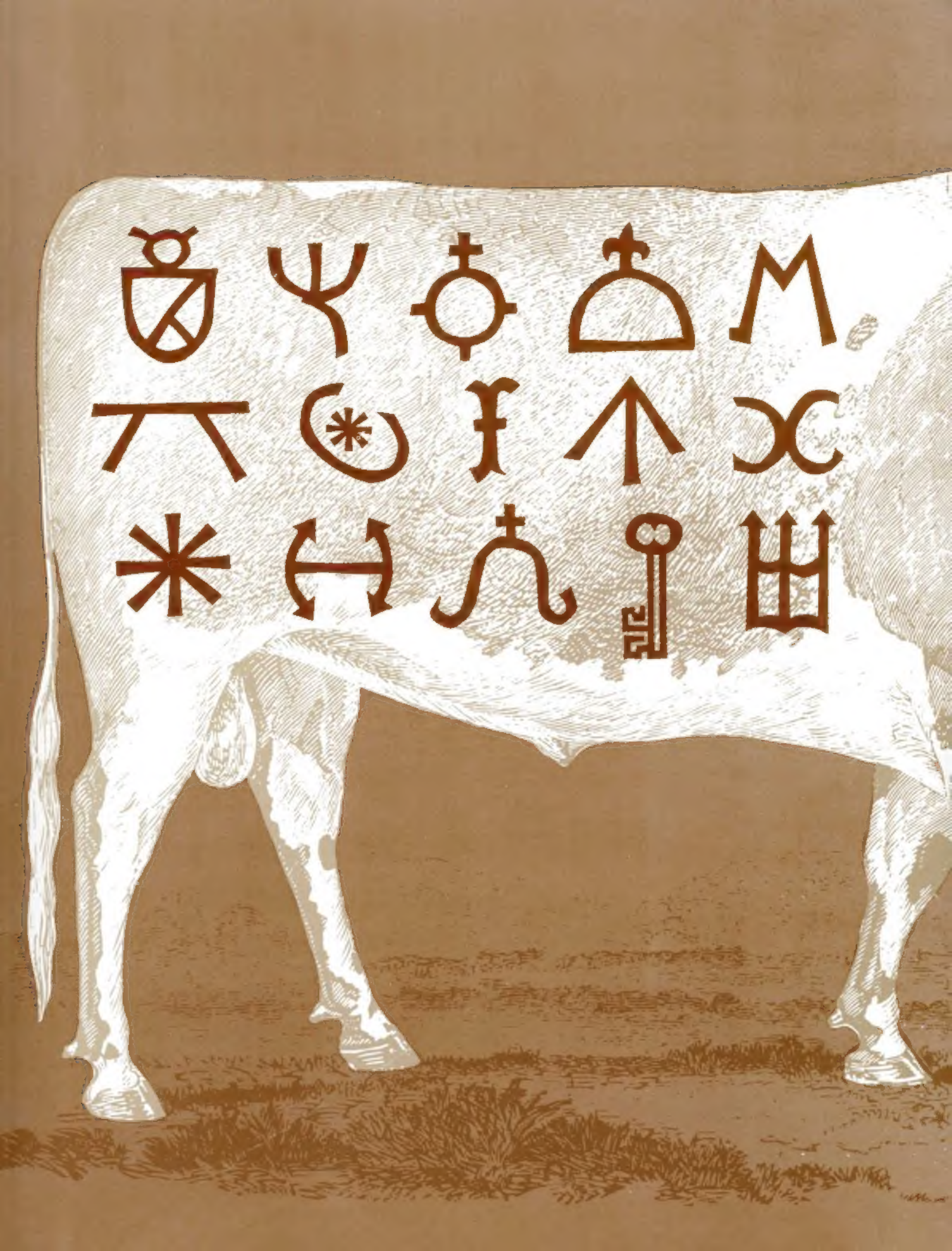
Membership in the Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Membership is solicited, and inquiries should be addressed to the secretary, John Porter Bloom, 1501 Slade Court, Falls Church, Virginia. Annual dues (including subscription to the magazine) $7.50, Sustaining Member (annually) $15.00, Patron (annually) $100.00 or more, Life Membership (to be paid in a twelve-month period) $150.00.

These brands are adapted from THE MEXICAN MESTA by William H. Dusenberry (University of Illinois Press, 1963).